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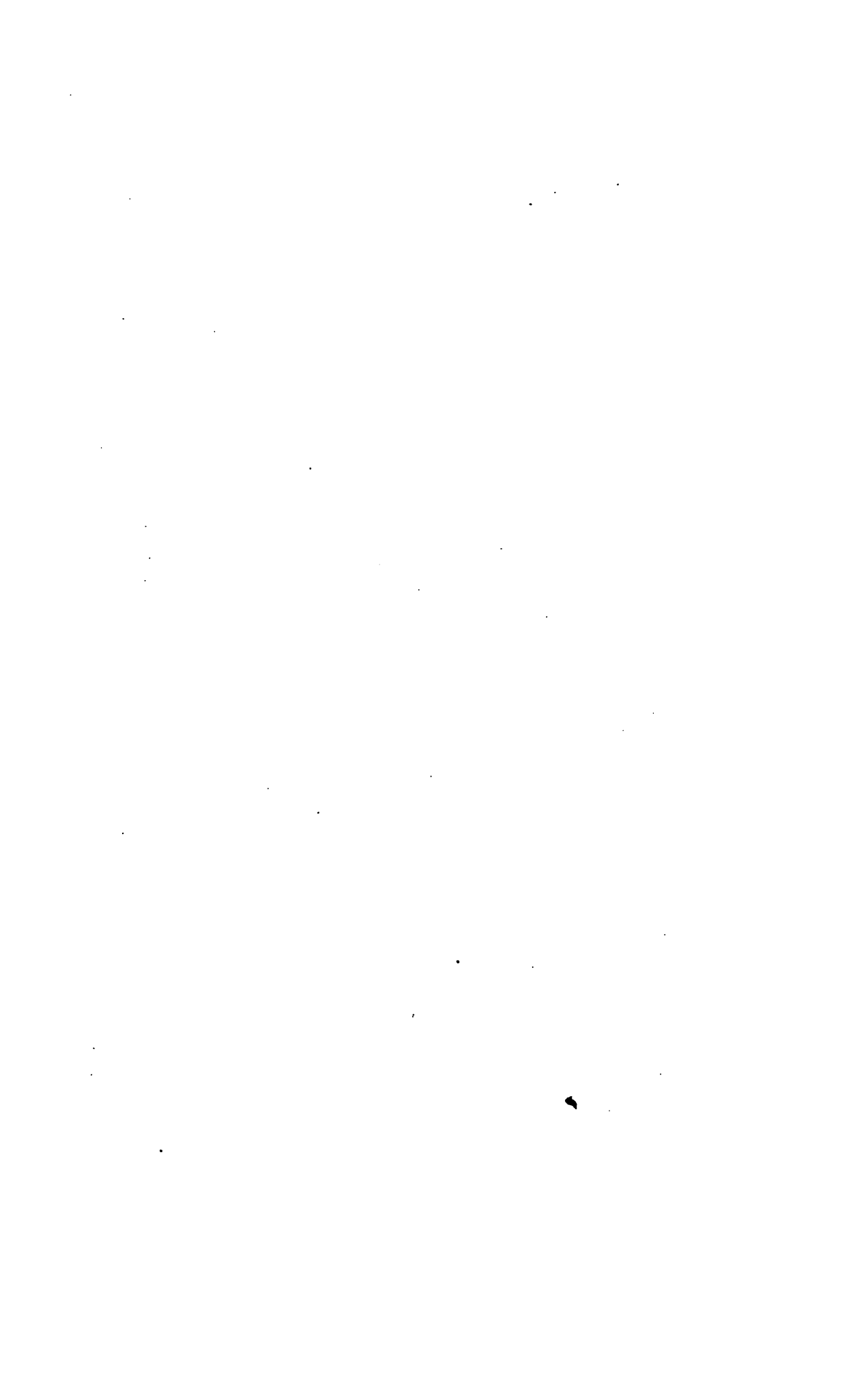
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**Materialien zur Kunde  
des  
älteren Englischen Dramas**



# Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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VON

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SIEBZEHNTER BAND

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LOUVAIN  
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG  
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

1907

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BEN JONSON'S

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOR

REPRINTED

FROM LINGE'S QUARTO OF 1600

BY

W. Bang AND W. W. Greg



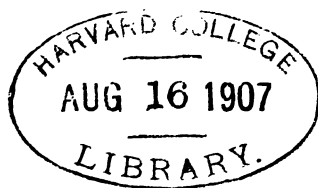
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1907

LONDON  
DAVID NUTT

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*Pierce fund*

## PREFATORY NOTE

---

The play of *Every Man out of his Humour* appears twice in the volumes of the Stationers' Register, as follows :

8 Aprilis [1600] William holme Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master harsnet. and master wyndet warden. A Comicall Satyre of euery man out of his humour . . . . . vjd

[Arber, III. 159.]

28<sup>o</sup>. Aprilis 1638.... Master Bishop Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand and seale of master Smethw[i]cke and subscribed by Master Bourne warden all the Right and interest in a play called Euery man out of his humour by Ben : Johnson . . . vjd

[Arber, IV. 417.]

An edition in quarto was published in 1600 by William Holme. The printer, as shown by the device on the title page, was Peter Short. Another edition in quarto, bearing the same date, was printed, by whom is uncertain, for Nicholas Linge, who continued in business till 1607. Linge's edition is a careless and ignorant reprint of Holme's and possesses no independent authority. Of Holme's edition copies are extant in the Bodleian and Dyce libraries; of Linge's in the same and in the British Museum as well (C. 57. c. 22).

Both early editions are now reprinted in the *Materialien*. The text of Holme's quarto has been set up from a transcript of the Bodleian copy, and the proofs have been read with that in the Dyce library. No variations have been discovered. The reprint of Linge's quarto follows the British Museum copy; reference has been had to the Dyce copy, also without revealing any variations. As usual the reprints aim at following their respective originals as faithfully as possible. All misprints have been retained, including turned letters and wrong founts. The spacing has of necessity been normalised, but the division of words has in all cases been preserved.

The lines have been numbered throughout, and correspondence with the text of the 1616 folio (*Materialien*, VII) noted in the right hand margin.

The following peculiarities deserve mention. In Holme's quarto sheets I-Q are printed in a different type from that used for the beginning of the book. This is most clearly seen in the case of the italic fount, but the roman differs also. In Linge's quarto sheet N is wrongly imposed, pages 102 and 103 having changed places.

On pages 110 and 111 of both quartos a mistake has unfortunately occurred in the numbering of the lines. Line 3881 should be marked 3880<sup>bis</sup> and the number 3885 should go one line higher.



*The comicall Satyre of*  
**EVERY MAN**  
**OV T O F H I S**  
**H V M O R.**

As it was first composed by the Author B. I.

*Containing more then hath been publikely  
spoken or acted.*

With the feuerall Character of euery person.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | \* si propius stes  
Te capient magis | \* & decies repetita placebunt.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed for Nicholas Linge.  
1600.

# The names of the actors.

ASPER, The Presenter,

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

<i>Puntaruolo,</i>	{	His Ladie.	}	<i>Fungoso,</i>	{	Taylor.
		Waiting Gent				Haberdasher.
		Huntsman.				Shomaker.
		Servingmen. 2.				
		Dog and Cat.				

*Carlo Buffone. Sogliardo.*

<i>Fastid. Briske.</i>	{	<i>Cinedo his Page.</i>	{	<i>Shift.</i>	{	<i>Rustici.</i>
						A Groome.
<i>Deliro.</i>	{	<i>Fido their Seruant.</i>	{	<i>Cloue.</i>	{	Drawers.
						Constable and
<i>Fallace.</i>		<i>Musicians.</i>		<i>Orenge.</i>		Officers.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

ASPER *his Character.*

**H**E is of an ingenious and free spirite, eager, and constant in reproofe, without feare controulling the worldes abuses; One whom no seruile hope of gaine, or frostie apprehension of danger, can make to be a *Parasite*, either to *Time*, *Place*, or *Opinion*. Folio 39

MACILENTE.

**A** Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worldes account, which he thinkes his merit capable of) fals into such an enuious *Apoplexie*, with which his iudgement is so dazeled and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another.

PVNTARVOLO.

**A** Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to *Singularitie*; the very *Iocobs* staffe of Complement: a Sir that hath liu'd to see the *reuelution* of *Time* in most of his apparrell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne prayse, that for want of flatterers, he commendes himselfe to the *floutage* of his owne familie. He deales vpon returnes, & strange performances, resolving, in despite of publike derision, to sticke to his owne particular *fashion*, *phrase*, and *gesture*. 50

deest }  
20 }  
21

CARLO BVFFONE.

**A** Publike-scurrulous, and prophane Iester, that (more swift than *Circe* with obsurd *Simile's* will transforme any person into Deformitie. A good Feast-hound or Banket-beagell, that will sent you out a Supper some three mile off, and sweare to his Patrons (*God dam me*) he came in Oares, when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraordinarie gift in pleasing his Pallat, and will swill vp more Sacke at a sitting, than would make all the *Guard* a *Posset*. His Religion is *Rayling*, and his Discourse *Ribaldrie*. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch. 59

deest }  
30 }  
31

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

**A** Neate spruce affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in *Fashion*; practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Remnants (notwithstanding the *Base-violl*, and *Tabacco*;) sweares tersely, and with varetie, cares not what Ladyes fauour he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a good propertie to perfume the boote of a Coach. He will borrow an other mans 69

A ii.

mans



mans to prayse, and backes him as his owne. Or for a need on foote can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onely with the gingle of his Spurre, and the ierke of his Wand.

40

## DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Counsell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holdes himselfe vnworthy of her: And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two pence in *Iuniper* to her euery morning before she rises, and makes her with *villanous-out-of-tune musicke*, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.

79

deest {  
49  
50

## FALLACE.

D *Eliro's* Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the *Face* to be dishonest.

89

## SAVIOLINA.

55 A Court Lady, whose weightiest prayse is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant *Briske*.

## SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation is reading of *Almanaches*; and felicitie, foule weather: One that neuer pray'd, but for a *leanne Dearth*; and euer wept in a *fat Haruest*.

60

## FVNGOSO.

T He Sonne of *Sordido*, and a Student: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the Fashion a farre off like a *Spie*. He makes it the whole bent of his endeouours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched Fathet, to put him in the Courtiers *Cut*: at which he earnestly aymes; but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a *Sute*.

## SOGLIARDO.

A N essentiall Clowne, brother to *Sordido*, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Tearme to learne to take *Tabacco*, and see new *Motions*. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.

106

deest {  
72

## SHIFT.

75 A Thredbare *Sharke*. One that neuer was Souldior, yet liues vpon *lendinges*. His profession is *sheldring* and *odling*, his Banke *Poules*, and his Ware-house *Pict-hatch*. Takes vp single *Testons* vpon Othes till doomes day. Fals vnder

112

vnder Executions of thrce shillings, and enters into fve groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of *seruices*, and cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a Bawdy  
80 house, or lay paw'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will salute one for an olde acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurpes vpon Cheates, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the *VVhiffe*, squiring a *Cocatrice*, and making priuy searches for *Im-*  
85 *parters*.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

A N inseperable case of Coxcoms, city-borne: The *Gemini* or Twins of 126  
foppery; that like a paire of woodden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when  
90 they ha'done. Their glory is to feast Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing. *ORENGE* is the more humerous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'dout:) *CLOVE* serues to sticke him with commendations.

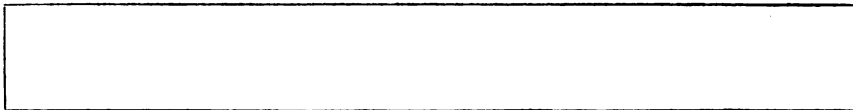
95

CORDATVS.

T He *Authors* friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of 136  
his *Plot*. Of a discreet and vnderstanding Iudgement, and has the place of a *Moderator*.

MITIS.

100 I S a person of no *Action*, and therefore we haue REASON to afforde him no 140  
*Character*.



I T was not neare his thought that hath published this, either to traduce *deest*  
the *Authour*; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and  
sufficient deserts of the *Actors*: but rather (whereas many *Censures*  
105 flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction.

*deest* {  
106 }

A iii.

*Euery*

# EVERIE MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOR.

107

*Inductio, sono secondo.*

G R E X.

*Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.*

110 *Cord.* **N** Ay my deare *Asper*,  
                   *Mit.* Stay your minde,  
                   *Asp.* Away.

147

Who is so patient of this impious world,  
 That he can checke his spirit, or reigne his tongue?  
 115 Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sence,  
 That heanens horride thunders cannot wake?  
 ♪ To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,  
 ♪ Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heades  
 Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,  
 120 Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs.

Who can behold such prodigies as these,  
 And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I: my soule  
 Was neuer ground into such oylie colours,  
 To flatter Vice, and daube Iniquitie:

160

125 But (with an armed, and resolued hand)  
 ♪ Ile strip the ragged follies of the time  
 Naked as at their birth.

*Cord.* Be not too bold.

♪ *Asp.* You trouble me, and with a whip of steele  
 130 Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.  
 I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,  
 When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice,

167

- I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,  
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;  
135 No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,  
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.  
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud 175  
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:  
Tut, these are so innate and popular,  
140 That drunken *Custom* would not shame to laugh  
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem:  
And yet not one of these but knowes his Workes,  
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,  
Yet howlerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,  
145 Puffing their soules away in peri'rous aire,  
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lustes.  
*Mit.* Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name. 185  
*Asp.* O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,  
And (with the wordes of *Hercules*) inuade  
150 Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,  
But seeme as they were made of sanctitie;  
Religion in their garments, and their haire  
Cut shorter than their eie-browes, when the conscience  
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours  
155 More wretches than the *Counters*.  
*Mit.* Gentle *Asper*,  
Containe your spirit in more stricter boundes,  
And be not thus transported with the violence 195  
Of your strong thoughts.  
160 *Cord.* Vnlesse your breath had power  
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,  
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.  
*Asp.* I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:  
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,  
165 *Apollo*, and the *Muses* feast your eyes  
With gracefull obiectes; and may our *Menerua*  
Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.  
Yet here, mistake me not iudicious friendes:  
I doe not this to beg your patience,

- 170 Or seruilely to fawne on your applause, 207  
 Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:  
 Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,  
 Where I want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:  
 Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies  
 175 Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:  
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,  
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.  
 O how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,  
 Where euery seruile imitating spirit,  
 180 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)  
 In a meere halting fury, striues to fling  
 His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,  
 And streight leap's foorth a Poet; but as lame  
 As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Cripple-gate.  
 185 *Mit.* In faith this Humor will come ill to some, 222  
 You will be thought to be too peremptorie.  
*Asp.* This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis*?  
 Nay doe not turne, but answer.  
*Mit.* Answer? what?  
 190 *Asp.* I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,  
 I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather  
 To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies  
 Some taste of their abuse of this word *Humor*.  
*Cor.* O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper*,  
 195 It cannot but ariue most acceptable,  
 Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse  
 Dayly to see how the poore innocent word  
 Is rackt, and tortur'd.  
*Mit.* I, I pray you proceed.  
 200 *Asp.* Ha? what? what is't? 236  
*Cord.* For the abuse of Humor.  
*Asp.* O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.  
 Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it  
 To be a qualitie of aire or water,  
 205 And in it selfe holdes these two properties,  
 Moisture and Fluxure : As for demonstration,

Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne,  
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)  
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind

243

210 A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude  
That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,  
As wanting power to containe it selfe,  
Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie  
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,  
215 By reason that they flow continually  
In some one part, and are not continent,  
Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre  
It may by Metaphore apply it selfe  
Vnto the generall disposition,

255

220 As when some one peculiar quality  
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw  
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers  
In their confluxions all to runne one way,  
This may be truely sayd to be a Humor,  
225 But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,  
The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,  
A yard of shooe-tie, or the Switzers knot  
On his French garters, should affect a Humor,  
O, 'tis more than most rediculous.

230 *Cord.* He speakes pure trueth: Now if an Ideot  
Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,  
It is his Humor.

*Asp.* Well, I will scourge those Apes,  
And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror,  
235 As large as is the Stage whereon we act,  
Where they shall see the times deformity,  
Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,  
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.

270

*Mit. Asper* (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,  
240 The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,  
And men are growne impatient of reproofe.

*Asp.* Ha, ha:

You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

B

This

This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike.

278

245 Doe not I know the times condition?

Yes *Mitis*, and their soules, and who they be

That either will or can except against me:

None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,

That they contemne all Physicke of the mind,

250 And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,

Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,

Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,

And with the feruor of their shining grace,

Make my braine fruitfull to bring foorth more objects

255 Worthy their serious and intentiue eies.

But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:

If any here chaunce to behold himselfe,

Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,

For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,

260 First he should shame to act'hem: my strict hand

Was made to ceaze on vice; and with a gripe

295

Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,

As licke vp euery idle vanity.

*Cord.* Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*:

265 Kind Gentlemen, we hope your patience

Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine

This supposition, That a madman speakes.

*Asp.* What? are you ready there? *Mitis* sit downe;

And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:

270 I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,

Obserue what I present, and liberally

Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene,

306

As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,

Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:

275 And *Mitis* note me if in all this front,

You can espie a gallant of this marke,

Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)

Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,

Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,

280 Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than

Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh, 315  
 And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket iest,  
 Which that it may more easily be chew'd,  
 He sleeps in his owne laughter.

285 *Cord.* Why? will that  
 Make it be sooner swallow'd?

*Asp.* O, assure you:  
 Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* sings:

" *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaris temnit,*

290 " Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.

*Cord.* 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asper*?

*Asp.* O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies, 324

Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,  
 And therefore I would giue them Pils to purge,

295 And make 'hem fit for faire societies.

How monstrous and detested is't to see

A fellow that has neither art nor braine,

Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,

Taking mens lines with a Tobacco face

300 In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried lookes

(In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne

The good aspect of those that shall sit neare him,

From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.

*Mit.* Nay *Asper*.

305 *Asp.* Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought: 337

You'le say, your audience will except at this?

Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt:

Then, he a patient, shall reiect all Physicke

'Cause the Physitian tels him you are sicke:

310 Or, if I say that he is vicious,

You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond,

Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke

That happy iudgements and composed spirits

Will challenge me for taxing such as these?

315 I am asham'd.

*Cord.* Nay, but good pardon vs.

We must not beare this peremptorie saile,



But vse our best endeouours how to please.

*Asp.* Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts

350

320 And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentiuē auditors,  
Such as will ioynē their profite with their pleasure,  
And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:

For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

325 And speake away my spirit into ayre;

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,  
Coine new conceites, and hang my richest words  
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;

330 If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe  
With some familiar and by-conference,  
Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go  
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

335 Where (ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the circles of your eyes  
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,  
We must impute it to this onely chance

" *Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

340

*Exit.*

*Cord.* How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

371

*Mit.* I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

*Cord.* Why, do you suspect his merit?

*Mit.* No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

345 *Cordatus.* O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had  
no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this instant.

*Mit.* You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

*Cord.* Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it,  
350 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus*  
*Comædia*: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will answer  
the generall expectation, I know not.

*Mit.* Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

*Cord.* What lawes meane you?

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355 *Mit.* Why the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grege* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes efficiencie. 384

*Cord.* O no, these are too nice obseruations.

360 *Mit.* They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

*Cord.* Troth I can discerne no such necessitie.

*Mit.* No?

*Cord.* No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had 393  
365 been deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple & continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and fixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplied somthing: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face  
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380 *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

*Mit.* Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his 412  
385 Scene?

*Cor.* Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

*Mit.* O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

*Cor.* Why so?

390 *Mit.* Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

*Cor.* He needs not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I 418  
thinke.

*Mit.* No? how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so  
395 many Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

*Cor.* O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in  
their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditory.  
But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction  
400 is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

*Mit.* They haue answered your wish Sir: they sounde.

*Sound the third time.*

ENTER PROLOGVE.

*Cor.* O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed 426  
405 a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your Prologue for you, I fayth.

*Prol.* Mary with all my hart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke  
you.

*Cor.* Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

410 *Prol.* You coulde not haue studied to ha'done mee a greater benefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I spoke it) I must of necessitie haue been out.

*Cor.* Why, but do you speake this seriously?

*Prol.* Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe in- 437  
415 debted to your kindnesse for it.

*Cor.* For what?

*Pro.* Why for vndertaking the Prologue for mee.

*Cor.* How? did I vndertake it for you?

*Pro.* Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you  
420 did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twill not serue.

*Cor.* Fore God but it must serue, and therefore speake your Prologue.

*Pro.* And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse,  
425 and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome, againe.

*Mit.*

<sup>deest</sup><sub>426</sub> } *Mit.* Hee has put you to it, Sir:

*Cor.* Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good fayth I can speake no Prologue, howsoeuer his weake wit has had  
430 the fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I protest;

*Enter Carlo Buffone, with a Boy.*

*Carl.* Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, 454  
I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch mee a  
435 Glasse, quickly, I may bid these Gentlemen welcome; giue him a health here: I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might well thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet you'l'd play vpon him too. *Exit Boy.*

*Cor.* Hang him dull block.

440 *Carl.* O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee woulde ha'made a good columnne and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou  
*Enter Boy with a glasse.*  
come? well sayd: giue me; Boy, fill, so:

here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am  
445 sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and Spirit of *(He drinkes.)*

Wine: this is that our Poet cals Castalian liquor, when he comes a-  
broad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale  
450 among Players; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophical diet, beanes and butter-milke: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, fiew of these one after another, & looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well  
455 ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little, he sayles away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home: hee has made a Play here, and he cals it, *Euery man out of his Humor*. Sblood and he get me out of the humor he has put me in, Ile ne're trust none of his tribe againe while I liue. Gentles all, I can say for him,  
460 is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an olde rule; *No pledging your owne health*: marie if anye heere bee thirstie for it, their best waye (that I knowe)  
is,

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares.

*Exit.*

465 *Mit.* What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

483

*Cor.* Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'll giue it you: he is one; the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none: he will sooner  
470 loose his soule, than a iest; and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage whatsoever, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd inro all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simele's*.

*Mit.* You paint foorth a monster.

475 *Cord.* He will prefer all countries before his natie, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'll appeare himselfe anon.

*Enter Macilente, solus.*

480 *Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

*Cord.* The same, sir.

# ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Folio*  
*Act. I. Sc.*  
*500*

*Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:*

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)

485 Doth that man breath, that can so much command

His bloud and his affection? well, I see,

I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:

For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie

Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.

490 There is no taste in this Philosophie,

Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,

But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.

I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleue

That beggerie is the onclie happinesse:

495 Or (with a number of these patient fooles)

To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is,*

When the lanke hungry belly barks for foode:

I looke

I looke into the worlde, and there I meete  
 With obiectes, that doe strike my blood-shot eies  
 500 Into my braine; where, when I view my selfe,  
 Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,  
 Mightie, and fear'd, that lou'd and highly fouour'd:  
 A third, thought wise and learned: a fourth, rich,  
 And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarely featur'd:  
 505 A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes.  
 When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,  
 I wish my *Obtique* instruments were crackt,  
 And that the engine of my grieve could cast  
 Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild fire foorth,  
 510 To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.  
 Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my hart,  
 And often (i'the strength of apprehension)  
 Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,  
 Like droppes of sweate on a stiffe cake of yce.

516

515

G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,  
       *Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,*  
       *Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.*  
 Mit. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

534

520

*Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.*

SCENA SEC.

*Mac.* Soft, who be these?  
 I'll lay me downe a while till they be past.

538

G R E X.

525 Cor. { Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

Mit. { What is hee?

Cor. { A tame Rooke, youle take him presently: List.

*Folio*

Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*, this is my Humour now: I haue *Act.I.Sc*  
 lande and money, my friendes left me well, and I will be a Gen-  
 530 tleman whatsoeuer it cost me.

C.

*Car.*

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

*Car.* A most Gentleman-like resolution.

*Sog.* Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your 550  
taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, how  
thinke you? will it not serue for a Gentlemans name, when the  
535 Signior is put to it? Ha?

*Car.* Let me heare, how is't?

*Sog.* *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*, me thinkes it soundes well.

*Car.* O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might  
very well stand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* Gen-  
540 tlemen.

*Sog.* Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

*Car.* I, and a Constable for your wit.

*Sog.* All this is my Lordship you see heere, and those Farmes  
you came by.

545 *Car.* Good steps to gentilitie too, marie: but *Sogliardo*, if you 561  
affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you must obserne all the rare  
qualities, humors, and complementes of a Gentleman.

*Sog.* I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not  
too good to learne, Ile assure you.

550 *Car.* Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of  
my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee  
for you sir.

*Sog.* Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke  
you, and thinke on you.

555 *G R E X.*

*Cord.* Is not this purely good? 571

*Mac.* Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this  
Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull  
That may be seene through? wherefore should he haue land,  
560 Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eate my entrailes,  
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

*Car.* First (to be an accomlisht Gentleman; that is, a Gentle-  
man of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the Coun-  
trei, and liue altogether in the Citie amongst gallants; where,  
565 at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fife  
hundred Acres of your best lande into two or three Trunkes of  
apparrell, you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be  
sure

sure you mixe your selfe still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least Popular; studie their cariage and behaviour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your plaie, & affirme, *Vpon your credite; As you are a Gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

575 *Sog.* O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but be a Gentle- 589  
man, that ha'es these excellent giftes: more, more, I beseech you.

*Car.* You must endeuour to feede cleanlie at your Ordinarie, sit melancholie, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake:  
580 and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new Boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iestes, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

*Sog.* I warrant you sir.

585 *Car.* I, and sit o'the Stage, and flöute; prouided, you haue a good suit.

*Sog.* O Ile haue a suit onelie for that sir.

*Car.* You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

*Sog.* Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, Il'haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife;  
590 and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son, of the Innes of Court.

*Car.* O but you must pretende alliance with Courtiers and  
great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in anie  
strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great Chaine (though  
595 it bee Copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd  
from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To  
their Worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or  
Kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*; giue your selfe stile enough.  
And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or en-  
600 quire of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome  
you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a  
iest) and reades it publikely at the Table: at which, you must  
seeme to take as vnardonable offence as if he had torne  
your Mistresse colours, or breat'd vpon her picture, and pur-  
C ii. sue



605 sue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge  
vpon it presently, .

*Sog.* Stay, I doe not like that Humor of challenge, it may be 615  
accepted: but I'll tell you what's my humor now: I will doe  
this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Tay-  
610 lours to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as  
you talke off (broke open and all) shall be left. O, the Taylor will  
presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it, worth  
twenty of your Gallants.

*Car.* But then you must put on an extreame face of discon-  
615 tentment at your mans negligence.

*Sog.* O, so I will, and beate him too: I'll haue a man for the  
purpose.

*Mac.* You maie, you haue lande and crownes: O partiall  
Fate!

620 *Car.* Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gal- 625  
lant, at the first, fine pide Liuries laide with good golde lace,  
there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they  
lacke victuals.

*Sog.* Bir Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man  
625 in debt.

*Car.* Debt? why that's the more for your credite sir: it's an  
excellent pollicie to owe much in these dayes, if you note it.

*Sog.* As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

*Car.* O, looke where you are indebted anie great summe, 632  
630 your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if he were  
boud to you for some huge benefite, and will quake to giue you  
the least cause of offence, least he loose his money. I assure you  
(in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious & pli-  
ant, than Gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time)  
635 you pay but a moietie or a fourth part, it comes more accepted-  
ly, than if you gaue'hem a newyeeres gift.

*Sog.* I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in  
credite sure.

*Cor.* Marrie this, alwaies beware you commerce not with  
640 Bankroutes, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent  
creatures, turbulent spirites, they care not what violent trage-  
dies

dies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore Gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fellows (thar ha'the worlde, or the better part of it, sleeping in  
 645 their counting-houses) they are ten times more peaceable, they: either feare, hope, or modestie restraines them from offering anie outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not runne a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your selfe.

650 *Sog.* No? how should I keepe'hem then? 650

*Carl.* Keepe'hem? Sblood let them keepe themselues, they are no Sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses where Plate, Apparrell, Iewels, and diuers other prettie commodities lie necligently scattered, and I would ha'those *Mercuries* fol-  
 655 lowe me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

*Sog.* That's not so good me thinkes.

*Car.* Why after you haue kept them a fortnight or so, and shew'd'hem yenough to the world, you may turne'hem away,  
 660 and keepe no more but a Boy, it's ynough.

*Sog.* Nay my humor is not for Boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any: and Ile giue coates, rhat's my humor: but I lacke a Cullisen.

*Car.* Why now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile  
 665 bring you where you shall ha'your choise for money. 662

*Sog.* Can you sir?

*Car.* O I, you shall haue one take measure of you, and make you a *Coate* of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

*Sog.* By worde of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a  
 670 little prodigall in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious *Coate*.

*Mac.* Torment and death, breake head and braine at once,  
 To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blinde Fortune dote thus?

675 To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a hoorsen Puckfist? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with grieve now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

C iii.

Such

But vse our best endeouours how to please.

*Asp.* Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts

350

320 And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentiuē auditors,  
Such as will ioynē their profite with their pleasure,  
And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:  
For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

325 And speake away my spirit into ayre;

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,  
Coine new conceites, and hang my richest words  
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;

330 If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe  
With some familiar and by-conference,  
Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go  
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

335 Where (ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the circles of your eyes  
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,  
We must impute it to this onely chance  
" *Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

340

*Exit.*

*Cord.* How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

371

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*Cord.* Why, do you suspect his merit?

*Mit.* No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

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stant.

*Mit.* You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

*Cord.* Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it,  
350 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus*  
*Comædia*: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will an-  
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*Mit.* Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

*Cord.* What lawes meane you?

*Mit.* Why

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380 *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

*Mit.* Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his 412  
385 Scene?

*Cor.* Mary *Insula fortunata*, Sir.

*Mit.* O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

*Cor.* Why so?

390 *Mit.* Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

*Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.**Folio*

SCENA TER.

*Act.I.Sc*

*Sord.* O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my  
 755 Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

*Mac.* Said I not true? doth not his passion speake  
 Out of my diuination? O my sences,  
 Why loose you not your powers, and become  
 Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?  
 760 I know him, tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,  
 A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

*Sor.* Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I  
 would wish.

*Mac.* See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,  
 765 And makes him swoune with laughter, O, O, O. 755

*Sord.* Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me  
 see what Haruest shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

*Mac.* What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

*Sord.* The .xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind; O good, good:  
 770 the .xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind; good: the xxv raine;  
 good still: xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. winde and some raine; would it  
 had been raine and some winde: well tis good (when it can bee  
 no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not  
 so good now .xxx. and .xxxi. wind and no raine. No raine? S'lid  
 775 stay, this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithens*? Turne  
 backe, looke *S. Swithens*: no raine.

*Mac.* O there's a pretious filthy damned rogue,  
 That fats himselfe with expectation 767  
 Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;  
 780 And he is rich for it, and elder brother,  
 His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,  
 His garnars cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:  
 A plague consume thee and thy house.

*Sord.* O heare, *S. Swithens*, the .xv. day, variable weather, for  
 785 the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: Why it  
 should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse; it was a rule  
 helde afore I was able to holde a plough, and yet here are two  
 daies,

daies no raine; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next 777  
 month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second,  
 790 third, and fourth dayes, rainie, and blustering; this is well now:  
 fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I  
 marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the  
 tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine: O good, good, good,  
 good, good: the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine;  
 795 good stil: fifteenth and sixteenth, raine; good still: seuenteenth,  
 and eighteenth, raine; good still: ninteenth and twentieth,  
 Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still: one and  
 twentieth, some raine: some raine? well, we must be patient,  
 and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though:  
 800 the two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of  
 raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good:  
 I thanke my blessed angell; neuer, neuer;  
 Laid I penney better out then this,  
 805 To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,  
 And yet of me, as dearely priz'd as life,  
 Since in it is containd the very life,  
 Bloud, strength, and sinewes of my happinesse:  
 Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,  
 810 His studies happy that compos'd the booke,  
 And the man fortunate that sold the booke:  
 Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to mee,  
 As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

*Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.*

815 *Mac.* Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this? ha, ha? 802  
 Ist possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha?  
 Should liue, and not be plagude? or lies he hid  
 Within the wrinckled bosome of the world,  
 Where heauen cannot see him? Sblood (me thinkes)  
 820 Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath and walke,  
 Feed with disgestion, sleepe, enioy his health,  
 And (like a boystrous Whale, swallowing the poore)  
 Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is it not strange?  
 Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,

D

I won-

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares.

*Exit.*

465 *Mit.* What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

483

*Cor.* Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'le giue it you: he is one; the Author cals him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none: he will sooner  
470 loose his soule, than a iest; and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage whatsoever, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd inro all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simele's*.

*Mit.* You paint forth a monster.

475 *Cord.* He will prefer all countries before his natiue, and thinkes he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'le appeare himselfe anon.

*Enter Macilente, solus.*

480 *Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

*Cord.* The same, sir.

# ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Folio*

*Act. I. Sc*

500

*Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:*

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)

485 Doth that man breath, that can so much command

His bloud and his affection? well, I see,

I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:

For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie

Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.

490 There is no taste in this Philosophie,

Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,

But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.

I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleeeue

That beggerie is the onclie happinesse:

495 Or (with a number of these patient fooles)

To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is*,

When the lanke hungry belly barks for foode:

I looke

Purges the soyle of such vile excrements,  
And kils the Vipers vp.

*Hind.* O but maister,

865 Take heed they heare you not.

*Sord.* Why so?

*Hind.* They will exclaime against you.

853

*Sor.* I, their exclames

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;  
870 Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home  
Can be contented to applaud my selfe,  
To sit and clap my hands; and laugh and leape,  
Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy  
To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

875 Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes  
Get all their flailes readie againe I come.

*Hind.* I will sir.

*Exit Hind.*

*Cord.* Ile instantly set all my Hinds to thrashing  
Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide  
880 Vnder the ground: and with the straw thereof  
Ile stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:  
That done, Ile haue hem emptie all my Garners,  
And i'the friendly Earth bury my store,  
That when the Searchers come, they may suppose

862

885 All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,  
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,  
(Which else would still be bayting at my doore)  
Each market day, I will be seene to buy

890 Part of the purest Wheat, as for my houshold:  
Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,  
Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,  
Promisde in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,  
Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.

895 O I shall make my prizes as I list,

My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,  
What though a world of wretches sterue the while?  
,, He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile. *Exit.*



## G R E X.

900 *Cor.* Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humo- 884  
rists exprest themselues truly or no?

*Mit.* Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) tis hitherto happie ynough:  
but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too soone, hee might haue  
bene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordidos*  
905 wretchednesse, now at the last.

*Cor.* O no, that had bin extreamly improper, besides he had cōti-  
nued the *Scene* too lōg with him as twas, being in no more actiō.

*Mit.* You may enforce the length as a necessary reason; but for  
propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

910 *Cor.* O worst of both: why you mistake his humor vtterly thē.

*Mit.* How? do I mistake it? is it not Envie?

*Cor.* Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him  
not as he is a villaine, a wolfe in the commonwealth, but as he is  
rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor alienæ*  
915 *felicittatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans  
prosperitie, that is his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that.  
Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our ob-  
iect, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate  
than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing  
920 in our selues.

*Mit.* So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to 904  
reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

*Cor.* Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could  
alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truly repre-  
925 hends in another what he loues in himselfe: therefore reprehension  
is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath hee himselfe  
made in a speech there (if you marke it) where hee saies, *I enuy*  
*not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

*Mit.* Stay sir: *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might  
930 he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

*Cor.* No Sir, there was subiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his  
wealth: So was there not in the other, hee stood possest of no  
one eminent gift, but a most odious and friend-like disposition,  
that would turne Charitie it selfe into Hate, much more Enuie  
935 for the present.

*Enter*

*Enter Carlo, Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Mit.* You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the *Foole* and 917  
the *Iester* againe me thinkes.

940 *Cor.* Twere pittie they should be patted sir.

*Mit.* What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the  
knight they went to?

*Cord.* No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise  
calde the fresh Frenchfield Courtier.

945 *Mit.* A humorist too?

*Cord.* As humorous as quick-siluer, doo but obserue him, the  
Scene is the countrey still, remember.

*Fast. Cinedo*, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word. *Folio*

*Cine.* I will sir.

*Act.II.Sc..*

950 *Fast.* How likste thou my boy, *Carlo*?

*Car.* O wel, wel, he lookes like the colonel of a Pigmies horse,  
or one of these motions in a great anticke clocke: hee would  
shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

*Fast.* Sheart, what a damnde wittie rogue's this? how hee 936  
955 confounds with his *similies*?

*Car.* Better with *similies* than smiles: and whether were you  
riding now Signior?

*Fast.* Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride  
but to the Court?

960 *Car.* O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot house,  
or your-----

*Fast.* By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*  
here.

*Car.* Hees gone now, I thought hee would flie out present-  
965 ly. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's*, that ha'their euasi-  
ons at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish: no soo-  
ner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a  
squirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doo trickes in their discourse, from  
Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if  
970 their tongues did but euen licke the foure Elements ouer, and  
away.

*Fast.* Sirra *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou? 95r

*Carl.* No, ha'you such a one?

975 *Fast.* The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

*Car.* But when shall I see him?

*Fast.* There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100. pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, hee turnes  
980 like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

*Car.* How? the sound of the spurre?

*Fast.* O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

*Carl.* Sblood you shall see him turne morrisdauncer, hee ha's  
985 got him belles, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

*Sog.* Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

*Fast.* How is that Sir?

*Sog.* Mary sir, I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse,  
990 it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

*Car.* That should not say it) on, on. 970

*Sog.* Hee did daunce in it with as good humour, and as good gard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, beeing no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

995 *Car.* Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

*Sog.* Yes once: marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doo in a Humor.

*Car.* O very good.

1000

G R E X.

*Mit.* { Why this fellowes discourse were nothing but for the word Humor.

*Cord.* { O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and words too, 'twere pittifull.

1005 *Sog.* Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i' the country has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle, the----

*Car.* How the Methode?

*Sog.* I,

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the 987  
 1010 daggers in the Nose, and the trauels of the Egge from finger to  
 ' finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs  
 at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as  
 I liue, sure.

Carl. Doo so: and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Tro-  
 1015 phee to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis  
 but so much charges.

Car. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres may  
 hap to forget it else.

1020 Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for Heires and Executors, are growne damnable  
 cârelesse, specially since the ghostes of Testators left walking:  
 how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens, his humor arrides me exceedingly.

1025 Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a poxe on't) I am so haunted at the Court 1003  
 and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes  
 me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I knowe not how:  
 I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my  
 1030 Genius.

Sog. Signior Carla.

G R E X.

1035 Cord. { This is right to that of *Horace*, *Dum vitant stulti vitia*  
           { *in contraria currant*: so this gallant labouring to auoid  
           { Popularitie, falles into a habit of Affectation, tenne  
           { thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man:  
 hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe: hee'le bee spent  
 shortly, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his  
 1040 tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: hee sleepes with  
 a muske Cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Poman-  
 der chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skin tan'd ciuet, to make  
 his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting  
 in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good emptie Puffe, hee loues  
 1045 you well Signior.

Sog. There

*Sog.* There shall be no loue lost Sir, Ile assure you.

1019

*Fast.* Nay *Carl*, I am not happie in thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioy thy companie a little (sweete mischiefe) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections,  
1050 if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

*Enter Cinedo.*

*Cine.* No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

*Fast.* His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good  
1055 boy.

*Car.* You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boye would find two better Figures in that, and a good Figure of your bountie beside.

*Fast.* Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

1060 *Car.* No crowne: speake in the singular number, and weelee beleeeue you.

*Fast.* Nay, thou art so capriciously conceyted nowe: *Sirra* (*Dānation*) I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruallo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou knowst him:  
1065 pry-thee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'de of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

*Cine.* I Sir, the groome has set him vp.

1038

*Fast.* Tis well: I ridde out of my way, of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour,  
1070 his humour.

*Car.* Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good ryding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, thats all I knowe: saue that in steede of  
1075 a Dragon, hee will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

*Fast.* O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him: they say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his Horse, him-  
1080 selfe, and his Dogge: and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encountred before.

*Car.* I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning:

ning: this gentleman has bene a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

*Sog.* I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

1053

1085 *Car.* You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Ladie?

*Sogl.* O, sir.

*Fast.* And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Sgnior?

*Sog.* Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, 1090 or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith gentlemen.

*Fast.* Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

*Sog.* O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the 1095 window.

*Car.* After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

*Sog.* No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Car.* What saies he? be not rapt so.

*Sog.* Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

1100 *Fast.* Nay speake, speake.

*Sog.* Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

1070

*Car.* Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

*Sog.* Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Car.* Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this 1105 fellow: or else.

*Sog.* List, list, they are come from hunting: *A crie of hounds* stand by, close vnder this Tarras, and you shal *within.* see it done better than I can shew it.

*Car.* So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

1110 *Sog.* Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

*Fast.* O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing obiect.

*Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound.*

Act.II.9

1115 *Pun.* Forrester, giue winde to thy Horne. Inough: by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the Horne, and thanks.

*Car.* I mary, there's some taste in this.

E

*Fast.* Is't

1120 *Fast.* Is't not good?

*Sog.* Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

*The wayting Gentlewomen appeare at the window.*

*Pun.* Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the boun- 1091  
tie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph, I will step for-  
1125 ward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (af-  
ter some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute  
her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

*Gent.* No forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

*Carl.* He knew that before.

1130 *Punt.* Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

*Carl.* He learn'd that of a Puritane.

*Punt.* To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall  
of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are  
requirde these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Punttilios*, and the  
1135 *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Punttilio's*,  
*Circumstance*; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for  
a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

*Car.* True, not knowing her *Horison*, hee must needes erre:  
which I feare, he knowes too well.

1140 *Pun.* What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

*Gent.* The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntar-* 1109  
*uolo.*

*Punt.* *Puntaruolo?* O.

*Car.* Now must he ruminare.

1145 *Fast.* Does the wench know him all this while then?

*Car.* O, doo you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of  
the ieast: it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied,  
and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hun-  
ting, as a Iigge after a Play.

1150 *Sog.* I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

*Punt.* 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice: what yeares  
is the Knight, faire Damsell?

*Gent.* Faith much about your yeares sir.

*Punt.* What complexion, or what stature beares he?

1155 *Gent.* Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

*Punt.* Mine is Melancholly.

*Car.* So

*Car.* So is the dogs, iust.

1125

*Punt.* And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

1160 *Gent.* O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

*Punt.* Is he magnanimous?

*Gent.* As the skin betweene your browes sir.

*Punt.* Is he bountifull?

*Car.* Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good  
1165 partes.

*Gent.* Bountifull? I sir I would you should know it; the poore are serude at his gate, early and late sir.

*Punt.* Is he learned?

*Gent.* O, sir, he can speake the French and Italian.

1170 *Punt.* Then he is trauailde?

*Gent.* I forsooth, he hath bene beyond-sea, once or twise.

*Carl.* As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come backe againe.

*Punt.* Is he religious?

1140

1175 *Gent.* Religious? *I* know not what you call religious, but hee goes to Church *I* am sure.

*Fast.* Slid, me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

*Carl.* Tut no: he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity that speake them.

1180 *Punt.* Would *I* might but see his face.

*Carl.* Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in it.

*Punt.* Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the Castle containe him?

1185 *Gent.* No sir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

*Punt.* His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

*Gent.* O Iesu sir!

*Punt.* Prythee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine  
1190 on this side of the building.

*Exit. Gent. from the window.*

*Carl.* That hee may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntolios*.

... V



*Fast.* Nay, thou art such an other *Cinique* now, a man had need  
1195 walke vprightly before thee.

*Carl.* Heart, can any man walke more vpright than he does? 1160  
Looke, looke: as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of *Wane-*  
scot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out  
on't.

1200 *Fast.* O villaine!

*Car.* Well, and euer I meet him in the citie, Ile haue him ioyn-  
ted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

*Fast.* Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

*Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.*

*Act.II.3*

1205 *Sord.* Yonders your god-father: do your dutie to him sonne.

*Sog.* This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may  
dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his sonne,  
my nephew there.

*Punt.* You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue  
1210 not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great  
*Proficient* by this?

*Sord.* I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

*Fast.* What does he study? the law?

*Sog.* I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeo-  
1215 man.

*Car.* What call you your nephew, Signior?

*Sog.* Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

*Car.* *Fungoso*? O, he lookt somewhat like a sponge in that  
pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see hee  
1220 was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

*Gen.* My Lady will come presently sir.

*Enter. Gent. aboue.*

*Sog.* O now, now.

1185

*Punt.* Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget  
not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

1225 *Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage,*  
*meane time, the Lady is come to the window.*

*Fast.* What? will not their presence preuaile against the cur-  
rent of his humor?

*Car.* O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

1230 *Punt.* What more than heauenly pulchritude is this?

*What*

*What Magazine, or treasurie of blisse?  
 Dazle your organs to my optique sence,  
 To view a creature of such eminence:  
 O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,  
 A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.*

1235

*Fast.* How? in verse?

1197

*Car.* An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

*Lady.* Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

*Car.* Hee will tell you that anon: neither his Braine, nor his  
 1240 Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

*Punt.* Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as  
 low as the *Basis* of your Altitude.

G R E X.

*Cord.* { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall pro-  
 1245 { portions.

*Mit.* { Is't possible there should be any such *Humorist*?

*Cor.* { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

*Punt.* I haue scarce collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd  
 in the admiration of your Forme: to which (if the bounties of  
 1250 your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires  
 shall finde a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-  
 errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by ad-  
 uenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place: which  
 Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchauntment: the euening  
 1255 approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter  
 your faire Castle, and refresh me.

*Lady.* Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with mee (chiefely in 1216  
 the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet  
 in the true regard of those inward vertues, and faire parts which  
 1260 so striue to expresse themselues in you, I am resolu'd to enter-  
 taine you to the best of my vnworthie power: which I acknow-  
 ledge to be nothing, valed with what so worthie a person may  
 deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

*She departs: and Puntaruolo fals in with Sordido,  
 1265 and his sonne.*

*Punt.* Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

*Car.* What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

E 3

*Fast.* Nay

*Fast.* Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

*Car.* Pox ont: I am impatient of such fopperie.

1225

1270 *Fast.* O lets heare the rest.

*Car.* What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Gueuener*? away: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out? that being a woman) she was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus. Sblood, I  
1275 thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

*Sog.* Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

*Car.* O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call,  
1280 *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Citie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles in the world bredde, than they are generally: and yet you see (by the finenesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding  
1285 on Larks, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refine and ratifide: and somtimes a verie *Quintessence* of conceit flowes from them, able to drown a weak Apprehension.

*Fast.* Peace, here comes the Ladie.

1242

1290 *Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.*

*Lady.* Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

*Fast.* S'light our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

*Car.* All the better, I am glad ont: for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

1295 *Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.*

*Punt.* Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towardes vs? what *Carlo*? now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen: and how doest thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Vntrusse of the time*?

1300 *Carl.* Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (heere and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doo now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an emptie Cloke-bagge

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

1305 *Punt.* Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is 1256  
that in the white virgin boote there?

*Carl.* Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

1310 *Punt.* Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding heere, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill: and these my Orchardes were those of the *Hesperide's*.

*Fast.* I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord  
1315 of the Indies: and I pray you beleuee it.

*Car.* I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to rhinke it will be so corrupted.

*Sog.* Come brother, Ile bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

1320 *Sord.* Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance:

Do you take heed, least:---- *Carlo is comming toward them.*

*Sog.* Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, some- 1272  
what nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuate sir.

1325 *Fun.* By *Iesu*, it is a very fine sute of cloathes.

# G R E X.

*Cor.* { Doe you obserue that, Signior? theres another humor  
has new crackt the shell.

*Mit.* { What? he is enamour'd of the Fashion, is he?

1330 *Cor.* { O you forestall the iest.

*Fun.* I mar'le what it might stand him in?

*Sog.* Nephew?

*Fun.* 'Fore God it is an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

1335 *Sog.* When saw you my Neece?

*Fun.* Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

*Sog.* And what newes heare you?

*Fun.* The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hangde, but it is  
exceeding

1340 exceeding good. Say you?

*Sog.* Your mind is carried away with some what else: I aske 1290  
what newes you heare?

*Fun.* Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so  
pleas'd with a fashion dayes of my life: O (and I might haue but  
1345 my wish) I'd aske no more of God now, but such a suite, such a  
Hatte, such a Bande, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a  
Boote, and such a----

*Sog.* They say there's a newe Motion of the Citie of Nineueh,  
with *Ionas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can  
1350 tell Cousin?

*Fun.* Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I  
thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would  
once be satisfied. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the  
Doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the Hose, then  
1355 Bootes, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would do  
it all, and suite me for the *heauens*.

*Sog.* I'll see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

*Fun.* God slid, and I cold compasse it, twere rare: harke you  
Vncle.

1360 *Sog.* What saies my Nephew?

1305

*Fung.* Faith Vncle, I'd ha desirde you to haue made a moti-  
on for me to my father in a thing, that: walke aside and I'll tell  
you sir, no more but this: there's a parcel of Lawe bookes (some  
twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for litle more then halfe  
1365 the money they cost: and I thinke for some twelue pounce or  
twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme them: there's *Plow-*  
*den*, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz Herbert*: diuers such as I must haue  
ere long: and you know I were as good saue fve or sixe pounce  
as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

1370 *Sog.* That I wil: when would you haue me do it? presently?

*Fung.* O I, I pray you good Vncle: God send me good lucke:  
Lord (and it be thy wil) prosper it: O Iesu: now, now, if it take  
(O Christ) I am made for euer.

*Fast.* Shall I tell you sir: by this aire, I am the most behol-  
1375 ding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing: hee dooes vse me  
the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more in-  
deed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

*Punt.* Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

1322

*Fast.* As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; *I* am  
 1380 exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by *Iesu*, (I protest to you  
 Signior; *I* speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but)  
 theres he, and the Count *Frugala*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Lu-*  
*culento*, and a sort of them; that (when *I* am at the Court) they  
 doo share mee amongst them. Happie is he can enioy me most  
 1385 priuate; *I* doo wish my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for their  
 loue, in good faith.

*Carl.* Theres neuer a one of these but might lye a weeke on  
 the Racke, ere they could bring foorth his name: and yet hee  
 powres them out as familiarly, as if hee had seene them stand  
 1390 by the fire in the presence, or tane Tabacco with them ouer the  
 stage, in the Lords roome.

*Punt.* Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre  
 there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sauiolina*?

*Fast.* O Lord sir! my mistresse.

1336

1395 *Punt.* Is she your mistresse?

*Fast.* Faith, heere be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doo  
 speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare,  
 or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though  
 nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight,  
 1400 slight, a foolish toy.

*Punt.* Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and inge-  
 nous spirit.

*Fast.* Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or en-  
 rich with a more plentifull discourse?

1405 *Carl.* O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*,  
 shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thin: good  
 enough to catch flies withall.

*Punt.* O, manage your affections.

*Fast.* Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one  
 1410 daie:-----

*Punt.* Come, regarde not a *Iester*: it is in the power of my  
 purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

F

*Fast.* Sir,

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

*Fast.* Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and iudgement) 1352  
she has the most Harmonious and Musicall straine of Wit, that  
1415 euer tempted a ttue eare; and yet to see, a rude rogue will pro-  
fane Heauen.

*Punt.* I am not ignorant of it sir.

*Fast.* Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it,  
that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure,  
1420 that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase,  
and vse as choyse Figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be  
i'the *Arcadia*.

*Car.* Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with  
more securitie.

1425 *Sord.* Well, if tenne pound will fetch'hem, you shall haue it,  
but I'll part with no more.

*Fun.* I'll trie what that will doo, if you please.

*Sord.* Doo so: and when you haue'hem, studie hard.

*Fun.* Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more  
1430 now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this  
will goe, presently.

*Sord.* I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should 1370  
haue store of raine to day.

*Pun.* Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court  
1435 my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about businesse, a  
Proiect I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has  
heard of it.

*Car.* What's that sir?

*Punt.* I doo entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (be-  
1140 cause I will not altogither goe vpon expence) I am determi-  
ned to put forth some fiae thousand pounce, to be paide me fiae  
for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge,  
from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs  
miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successefull, why,  
1445 there will be xxv. thousand pounce to entertaine time withall.  
Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make  
our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull  
now?

*Car.* I

*Car.* I was thinking on your Proiect sir, and you call it so: is 1385  
1450 this the Dogge goes with you?

*Punt.* This is the Dogge Sir.

*Car.* He do'not go bare-foote, does he?

*Punt.* Away you traitor, away.

*Car.* Nay afore God, I speake simply; he may pricke his foote  
1455 with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth.  
Besides, for a Dogge that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iour-  
ney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine)  
I'd haue some present conference with a Physitian, what An-  
tidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poy-  
1460 son: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there will be  
diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animall*.

*Punt.* Thou art still dangerous.

*Fast.* Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

*Sog.* I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter heere, and  
1465 my Nephewes sister.

*Sord.* Doo you know her sir?

*Fast.* O God sir, Signior *Diliro* her husband is my Merchant.

*Fun.* I, haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

*Fast.* I crie you mercy sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

1470 *Fun.* *Fungoso* sir.

1405

*Fast.* Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you bet-

*Fun.* I am her brother sir.

(ter sir.

*Fast.* In faire time sir.

*Punt.* Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

1475 *Fast.* Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* often.

*Sog.* You shall ha'me at the Herals office sir, for some weeke  
or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this  
1480 Scene: it hung in the hand.

*Cord.* I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and to haue  
made the Humors perspicuous enough.

*Mit.* True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the  
shape of Argument, and explicated'hem better in single *Scenes*.

F 2

*Cord.* That



1485 *Cord.* That had bene Single indeed: why? be they not the 1421  
 same persons in this, as they would haue bene in those? and is it  
 not an object of more State, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd  
 with varietie of Speakers to the end, then to see a vast empty  
 stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt  
 1490 downe with a feather into the eye of the Audience?

*Mit.* Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and  
 therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgement; marry you shal giue  
 me leaue to make obiections.

*Cord.* O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you  
 1495 should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well  
 be satisfied, who happily would object the same you do.

*Mit.* So sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

*Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.*

*Cord.* Mary he stayes but till our silence giue him leaue: here 1434  
 1500 he comes, and with him, Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose  
 house hee is come to sojourne: Make your own obseruation now:  
 onely transfer your thoughts to the Citie with the *Scene*: where,  
 suppose they speake.

## S C E N A T E R T I A.

Act.III

1505 *Deliro.* I'll tell you by and by sir.  
 Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,  
 To sojourne euen for euer, if my best  
 In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty  
 May moue you stay with me.

1510 *Deliro turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.*

*Mac.* I thanke you sir:  
 And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)  
 Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store  
 Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.  
 1515 I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)  
 Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:  
 I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,  
 Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My

- My parts are euery way as good as his, 1453  
 1520 If I said better? why I did not lie;  
 Nath'lesse his wealth (but nodding on my wants)  
 Must make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you sir.*  
*Deli.* Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.  
*Fido.* I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*  
 1525 *Deli.* Nay gentle friend be merry, raise your lookes  
 Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)  
 You are the man most welcome in the world.  
*Mac.* *I thanke you sir*, I know my *cue* I thinke.  
*Enter Fido with two Censors.*  
 1530 *Fido.* Where will you haue 'hem burne sir? 1463  
*Deli.* Here good *Fido*:  
 What? she did not see thee?  
*Fido.* No sir.  
*Deli.* That's well:  
 1535 Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.  
*Mac.* What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?  
*Deli.* Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.  
 O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,  
 So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,  
 1540 And of such worth and right to be vnkind,  
 (Since no man can be worthie of her kindnesse.)  
*Mac.* What can there not? 1472  
*Deli.* No, that is sure as death,  
 No man aliue: I doo not say *is not*:  
 1545 But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.  
 Nay that is certaine, let me doo her Right:  
 How said *I*? doo her Right? as though *I* could,  
 As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter  
 The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights  
 1550 That sir (as high as *I* can looke) within her.  
*Mac.* This is such dotage as was neuer heard.  
*Deli.* Well, this must needs be graunted.  
*Mac.* Graunted quoth you?  
*Deli.* Nay *Macilente*; do not so discredit

1555 The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,  
For I doo speake the very least of her.

And I would craue and beg no more of heauen  
For all my fortunes here, but to be able  
To vtter first in fit tearmes, what she is,

1560 And then the true ioyes I conceaue in her.

*Maci.* Is't possible she should deserue so well  
As you pretend?

1489

*Deli.* I, and she knowes so well  
Her owne deserts that (when I striue t'enioy them)

1565 She waies the thing I doo, with what she merits:  
And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)  
She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,  
That no obseruance I can doo to her,  
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,

1570 I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted  
That *I* did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me  
How *I* may temper this strange Splene in her.

*Maci.* You are too amorous, too obsequious,  
And make her, too assur'd she may command you.

1500

1575 When women doubt most of their husbands loues,  
They are most louing. Husbands must take heed  
They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,  
But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed  
Not with a manger-full of meat together,

1580 But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so  
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.

He that desires to haue a louing wife,  
Must bridle all the shew of that desire:  
Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,

1585 As if loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie:  
,, Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,  
,, For when they come vnsought, they sildome like them.

*Deli.* Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.

O that a man were his owne man so much,

1590 To rule himselfe thus; *I* will striue yfaith

To

To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope  
 I haue now taken such a perfect course,  
 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,  
 That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,  
 1595 And haue no need to fight with my affections.  
 She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome  
 Within my house; One was too big (she said)  
 Another was not furnisht to her mind,  
 And so through all: All which I haue alter'd.  
 1600 Then here she hath a place (on my backside)  
 Wherein she loues to walke, and that (she said)  
 Had some ill smels about it. Now this walke  
 Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd  
 With hearbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places  
 1605 (As'twere on Altars consecrate to her)  
 Perfum'd Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,  
 To keepe the aire in awe of her sweete nostrils:  
 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.  
 Behold she comes.

1610

*Enter Fallace.*

*Fall.* Here's a sweet stinke indeed:  
 What, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?  
 And sicke of husband? O my head doth ake  
 As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,  
 1615 All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke  
 That I delighted in, and that is made  
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd  
 (My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.  
*Del.* Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweete?  
 1620 Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,  
 And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.  
*Fall.* Why, and I did find fault Sir?  
*Deli.* Nay deare wife;  
 I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,  
 1625 No woman better.

1518

1537

*Fall. I*

- Fall.* I, long since perhaps,  
 But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me  
 (Like to a puddle or a standing poole)  
 To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.  
 1630 No, I am like a pure and sprightfull Riuer,  
 That moues for euer, and yet still the same:  
 Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.  
*Deli.* But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden  
 Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,  
 1635 And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence  
 Is nothing chang'd.  
*Fall.* Why those were growing flowers,  
 And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.  
*Deli.* But yet they haue one sent.  
 1640 *Fall.* I, haue they so?  
 In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference  
 Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,  
 You haue a sence to tast Lampe-oyle, yfaith.  
 And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,  
 1645 Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in  
 In all your house: and now my Walke and all  
 You smoake me from, as if I were a Foxe,  
 And long belike to driue me quite away:  
 Well walke you there, and Ile walke where I list.  
 1650 *Deli.* What shall I doo? oh I shall neuer please her.  
*Ma.* Out on thee dotard, what starre rulde his birth?  
 That brought him such a Starre? blind Fortune still  
 Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them:  
 How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,  
 1655 To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?  
*Deli.* Away with them, would I had broke a ioynt,  
 When I deuis'd this that should so dislike her,  
 Away, beare all away. *Fido beare all away.*  
*Fall.* I doo: for feare  
 1660 Ought that is there should like her. O this man  
 How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

1582

*Deli.* Why, my sweete heart?

*Fall.* Sweete-heart? oh, better still:

1665 And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,

Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:

No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now

1670 Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,

And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund

All should be tane away.

*Deli.* Be they my bane then:

What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe

*Enter Fido.*

1675 You tooke from hence.

*Fall.* S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spite me: If ye doe----

*Deli.* Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

*Mac.* O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye,

1598

1680 To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?

What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make

Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,

That haath no blisse like to others. Would to God

(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

1685 To some faire water Nymph, that set vpon

The deepest whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,

My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale

This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

1608

*Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.*

1690

G R E X.

*Cord.* { Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

*Mit.* { O, he is welcome.

*Fung.* God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir: 1613

I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder

1695 they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo*

is in towne: Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are

you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Maister *Fastidius Briske*

G

(Sister)

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

(Sister) did you not?

*Fall.* Why should I take you for him?

1618

1700 *Fun.* Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

*Deli.* You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

*Fung.* Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

1705 *Fall.* O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund, was his new sute.

*Deli.* Pray you good brother, try if you can change her mood.

*Fung.* I warrant you, let mee alone. Ile put her out of her dumpes. Sister, how like you my sute?

1710 *Fall.* O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

*Fun.* Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last Edition I assure you.

*Fall.* I cannot but like it to the desert.

*Fun.* Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' 1715 left my gowne in gage for them, pray you lend me an angell.

*Fall.* Now beshrow my heart then.

*Fung.* Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: 1634 I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

1720 *Fall.* I care not.

*Fung.* I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Gingers. Monsier *Fastidius* will be here anon sister.

*Fall.* You iest?

*Fun.* Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and 1725 that I'lde be loth to say, in truth.

*Fall.* When did you see him?

*Fung.* Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntar-uolo's*: nay sweet sister.

*Mac.* I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole 1730 Should weare a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay, with such a deale of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good heauen giue me patience,

A number

A number of these Popeniayes there are,  
 1735 Whom if a man conferre, and but examine  
 Their inward merit, with such men as want;  
 Lord, Lord, what things they are!  
*Fall.* Come, when will you pay me againe now?  
*Fun.* O God Sister.

1651

1740 *Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.*

Act.II.Sc.6

*Mac.* Here comes another.

1657

*Fast.* Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how doest thou sweet Lady?  
 Let me kisse thee.

*Fun.* How? a new sute? Ay me.

1745 *Deli.* And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

*Fast.* Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thank God,  
 both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with  
 you in priuate by and by.

*Deli.* When you please Sir.

1750 *Fall.* Why looke you so pale brother?

*Fun.* Slid all this money is cast away now.

*Maci.* I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

1670

*Fun.* Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute changde,  
 Ile go fetch my Tailor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my  
 1755 father. Ha'you any pen and inke Sister?

*Fall.* What would you do withall?

*Fun.* I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure dayes  
 sooner the Fashion.

*Exit.*

*Fast.* There was a Countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day  
 1760 in the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yester-  
 night sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreate me accom-  
 pany her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three name-  
 lesse Ladies more: O, I haue bene grac't by them, beyond all  
 aime of affection: this is her garter, my dagger hanges in: and  
 1765 they doo so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudici-  
 ous wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.

*Fall.* Indeed sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doo weare  
 it as extraordinary.



*Fast.* Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, 1686  
 1770 which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had  
 three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with  
 me: I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and  
 other three, gat three other Gentlewomen, Widdows of three  
 thousand pound a yeare.

1775 *Deli.* Is't possible?

*Fast.* O beleue it sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your  
 Apparell the Spelles, that bring all the pleasures of the world in-  
 to their Circle.

*Fall.* Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

1780 *Mac.* Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for  
 my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that  
 goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat  
 in the world then.

*Fast.* Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange ver- 1698  
 1785 tues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an  
 excellent Wit: he that enioyes it with meanes, puts the world in  
 remembrance of his meanes: it helps the deformities of Na-  
 ture, and giues Lustre to her beauties: makes continuall Holi-  
 day where it shines: sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that other-  
 1790 wise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie:  
 takes possession of your Stage at your new Play: and enricheth  
 your Oares, as scorning to goe with your Scull.

*Mac.* Pray you sir, adde this: it giues respect to your fooles,  
 makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer  
 1795 Bankrups.

*Fall.* Out, out, vnworthie to speake where he breatheth.

*Fast.* What's he, Signior?

*Deli.* A friend of mine, sir.

*Fast.* By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kinde of  
 1800 Creatures you are?

*Deli.* Why sir?

*Fast.* That you can consort your selues with such poore seam-  
 rent fellowes.

*Fall.* He saies true.

*Deli.* Sir,

1805 *Deli.* Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's 1717  
a man worthy of regard.

*Fast.* Why? what ha's hee in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

*Deli.* Marry he is a Scholler sir.

1810 *Fast.* Nothing else?

*Deli.* And he is well trauailde.

*Fast.* He should get him cloathes; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

1815 *Deli.* Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

*Fast.* Why, and hee had good cloathes, I'd carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

1820 *Deli.* He shall not want for those Sir, if Golde and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

*Fast.* You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

1825 *Deli.* With all my heart sir, what summe will serue you? 1735

*Fast.* Faith some three or fourescore pound.

*Deli.* Troth sir, I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'lle dispatch you.

*Fast.* Ile accompany you thither.

1830 *Deli.* As you please sir: but I go not thither directly.

*Fast.* 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

*Deli.* I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're be ridde of him: (bring me a Cloake there one)  
1835 Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited: I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and. — Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as we go. Nay deare wife, I beseech thee forsake these moodes: looke not like winter thus. Heere take my  
1840 keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, choose any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of Golde, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in Wine, tis for thee.

*Fall.* So Sir.

1752

1845 *Deli.* Nay my sweet wife.

*Fall.* Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

*Deli.* Come Gentlemen.

*Fast.* Aduie, sweet Ladie.

*Exeunt all but Fallace.*

1850 *Fall.* I, I, Let thy wordes euer sounde in mine eares, and thy Graces dispearse contentment through all my sences: O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioyes so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse! ah foolish Countesse; hee's a man woorthie  
1855 (if a woman may speake of a mans woorth) to kisse the lips of an Empresse.

*Enter Fungoso with his Taylor.*

*Fun.* What's Maister *Fastidius* gone, sister?

1764

*Fall.* I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

1860 *Fun.* Gods me, what luck's this? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he sister? can you tell?

*Fall.* Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

*Fun.* How long is't since he went?

1865 *Fall.* Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman in the earth.

*Fun.* O, for Gods sake (Ile please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Sister, if any bodie aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they shall ha'  
1870 him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules*.

*Exit with his Taylor.*

*Fall.* Well; I will not altogether dispaire: I haue heard of a Citizens wife has bene beloued of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuate Chamber, locke the doore  
1875 to me, and thinke ouer all his good partes one after another.

*Exit.*

GREX.

## G R E X.

*Mit.* Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous 1781  
Torture.

1880 *Cor.* How? you feare'twil be rackt by some hard Cōstruction?

*Mit.* Doo not you?

*Cord.* No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes coulde light mee  
beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable  
to the Racke than the rest: you'le say perhaps the Cittie will  
1885 not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote so per-  
fectly vpon his wife; and she againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affected,  
as she is?

*Mit.* You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

*Cord.* Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well  
1890 take offence at him wee call the Courtier, and with much more  
Pretext, by how much the place transcendes and goes before  
in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble  
or true Spīrite in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether vn-  
affected graces, verie worthily expresse him a Courtier) will  
1895 make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunke  
as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by behol-  
ding his motley inside?

*Mit.* No sir, I doo not.

1797

*Cord.* No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or  
1900 modest Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his  
Wife; but rather apply it as the foyle to their owne vertues:  
For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, should  
meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend  
all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and so of the  
1905 rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious  
and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd De-  
cipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse  
meanings out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer so Conspicuous  
and innocentlie deliuerd. But to 'such (where er'e they sit con-  
1910 ceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their  
writing-table; and hopes, no sounde or safe iudgement,  
will infect it selfe with their contagious Comments, whoe  
(indeed)

(indeed) come here only to peruert and poison the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

1915 *Mit.* Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks so suspiciously? 1811

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Siquisses in his hand.*

*Cord.* O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration, we 1812  
must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Isle in  
1920 *Paules*; and that, the West end of it.

*Mit.* So sir: and what followes?

*Cord.* Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-clasping.

*Mit.* As how? what name do you giue him first?

1925 *Cord.* He hath shift of names sir: some call him *Apple Iohn*,  
some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine standing name is *Cavalier Shift*: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

*Mit.* And what makes he in *Paules* now?

*Cor.* Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two;  
1930 wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take,  
he may hull vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

*Mit.* It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

*Cor.* O, as the wind sir: here comes more.

*Enter Orenge.*

Act. III

1935 *Shift.* This is rare, I haue set vp my bills without discouerie. 1829

*Oren.* What? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into these West parts?

*Shift.* Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue bene taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by heere with a Gentleman,  
1940 and I am come to spit priuate in *Paules*. God saue you sir.

*Oren.* Adu good Signior *Whiffe*. *Enter Cloue.*

*Cloue.* Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are well met: when shall wee suppe together, and laugh and bee fatte with those good *Wenches*? ha?

1945 *Shift.* Faith sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a fewe. Humors and occasions: but when you please Sir.

*Exit.*

*Cloue.* Fare-

*Cloue.* Farewell sweet *Apple Iohn*: I wonder there are no more 1840  
store of Gallants here?

G R E X.

1950 *Mit.* { What be these two, Signior?  
*Cor.* { Marry a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the  
whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne  
or two i'this *Scene* of *Paules* by chance.

*They walke together.*

1955 *Oren.* Saue you, good Maister *Cloue*.

*Cloue.* Sweet Master *Orenge*.

G R E X.

*Mit.* How? *Cloue*, and *Orenge*?

1960 *Cor.* I, and they are wel met, for 'tis as drie an *Orenge* as euer 1851  
grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God sir*, and *It pleases*  
*you to say so sir*; one that can laugh at a iest for company, with a  
most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after  
in priuate aske you what it was: the other, *Monsieur Cloue*, is  
1965 a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone  
sometimes, in a Book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Ita-  
lian, and Spanish: when hee vnderstands not a word of ey-  
ther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent  
Linguist.

*Cloue.* Do you heare this reported for certainty?

1970 *Oreng.* O good sir.

*Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two seruingmen following,*  
*one leading the Dogge.*

*Act.III.Sc.2.*

*Punt.* Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, follow mee  
closer: if thou loosest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death: I  
1975 will hang thee.

*Carl.* Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, hee loues  
a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his looke, I: masse hee's  
somewhat like him. Sbloud poyson him, make him away with a  
crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more securitie  
1980 of thy life: and so Sir, what? you ha'not put out your whole ven-  
ter yet? ha'you.

*Punt.* No, I do want yet some fiteene or sixteene hundred  
H pounds:

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; shee does not now goe.

1985 *Car.* No? how then?

1872

*Punt.* Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

*Car.* Your Cat? where is shee?

*Punt.* My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to  
1990 her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

*Car.* Oh, for the better sir: your Cat has nine liues, and your wife has but one.

*Punt.* Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue me so much in Conserues: when saw you signior *Sogliardo*?

1995 *Car.* I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraulds Office yonder: he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

*Punt.* What? has he purchast armes then?

*Car.* I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you sawe  
2000 any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Billes, and I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

*Pun.* With Legs to his Armes! Good: I will go with you sir.

*They go to looke vpon the Billes.*

*Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.*

Act II

2005 *Fast.* Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir, I am not the least respected among Ladies: but let that passe: do you know how to goe into the Presence sir?

*Mac.* Why, on my feete sir.

*Fast.* No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I  
2010 assure you; as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predominant or Fore-top: because (when you come at the Presence doore) you may with once or twise stroking vp your Forehead thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp  
2015 stiffe.

*Mac.* As if one were frightened?

*Fnst.* I sir.

*Mac.* Which indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should  
doo,

doo, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so  
2020 Sir?

*Fast.* An ingenious obseruation: giue me leaue to craue your 1906  
name sir.

*Deli.* His name is *Macilente* sir.

*Fast.* Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior  
2025 *Deliro*, furnish you as he saies he will with cloathes, I will bring  
you to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most Di-  
uine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent  
Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye: but  
when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so  
2030 Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of  
pleasure that euer was, to beholde. Oh, she strikes the world  
into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse'hem be-  
leeue mee.

*Mac.* O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

2035 *Punt.* Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read'hem againe: 1918  
*If there be anie Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is de-  
sirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a young straight, and vpriht  
Gentleman, of the age of foue, or sixe and twentie at the most: who can  
serue in the nature of a Gentleman Vsher, and hath little legs of pur-  
2040 pose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in: which  
Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide  
his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the colde at the staire  
foote for her, as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her  
Name and Place, and diligent respect shall be giuen.*

2045 This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

*Carl.* No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

*Punt.* If this Citie, or the sub-urbs of the same, doo affoord any young  
Gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or lesse, whose friendes are but  
lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that  
2050 (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is  
affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as  
first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the dili-  
cate sweet formes of the assumption of it: as also the rare Corollary and  
practise of the Cuban Ebolition, EVRIPVS, and Whiffe; which he



2055 *shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or  
farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly  
enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note  
of his hand) to specifie the place, or Ordinary where he uses to eat and  
lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the best sort*  
2060 *shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LEC-  
TOR. Why this is without Paralel, this!*

*Carlo.* Well, I'le marke this fellowe for Sogliardo's vse pre- 194  
sently.

*Put.* Or rather, Sogliardo for his vse.

2065 *Carlo.* Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good  
*Properties:* I'le designe the other a place too, that wee may see  
him.

*Punt.* No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Specta-  
tors with you *Carlo.* Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior Sogli-  
2070 *ardo!* God saue you. *Enter Sogliardo.* Act. III

*Sog.* Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo;* your Dogge's in health sir  
I see: how now *Carlo?*

*Car.* We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers  
here.

2075 *Punt.* Come hither Signior.

*They shew him the Bils.*

*Cloue.* Monsieur *Oreng,* yond' Gallants obserue vs; pray thee  
let's talke Fustian a litle and gul'hem: make'hem belecue we are  
great Schollers.

2080 *Oreng.* O Lord sir.

*Cloue.* Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent ha-  
bit in discourse.

*Oreng.* It pleases you to say so sir.

*Cloue.* By this Church you ha'la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle*  
2085 *in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Nauigator in his  
time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Hcautontimo-  
rumenos:* you vnderstand the Greeke sir?

*Oreng.* O good sir.

*Mac.* For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine  
2090 tame Parrets.

*Cloue.* Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingennitie* of the time, and the 1974  
soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch  
of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-uallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclip-*  
*tickeline* being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue* and  
2095 *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable cir-*  
*cumference*, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and wheras our *in-*  
*tellectuall* or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*) as  
you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*: You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

2100 Clou. Then comming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since*  
*is fled to Animals* you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing* or  
*enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall per-  
ceiue the *Hipohthesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had  
their *Initial inceptions* and *Notions*) to bee meerly *Pithagori-*  
2105 *cal*, *Mathematicall*, and *Astronomicall*: for looke you sir, there is  
euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former  
discourse, for they marke vs not.

*Fast. Masse*, yonders the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

*Deli*. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, me thinkes.

1990

2110 *Mac*. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the diuel with a shi-  
ning face.

*Deli*. Let them alone, obserue them not.

*Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.*

*Sog*. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parch-  
2115 ment gentlemen, I haue bene so toylde among the Harrots yon-  
der, you wil not beleeeue, they do speak in the strangest language,  
and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you  
knew.

*Car*. But ha'you armes? ha'you armes?

2120 *Sog*. Yfayth, I thanke God I can write my selfe Gentlemen  
now, heeres my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

*Punt*. A very faire Coat, well chargde, and full of Armorie.

*Sog*. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue  
seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

2125 *Punt*. I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

*Sog*. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

*Punt.* A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

2006

*Car.* I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Heralds wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without  
2130 braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest Signior? can you not?

*Sog.* O I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

*Car.* Let's heare, let's heare.

2135 *Punt.* It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous Escutcheon that euer this eye suruisde. Saue you good Monsieur *Fastidius*.

*They salute as they meete*

*Car.* Silence good knight: on, on.

*in the Walke.*

*Sog.* GYRONY of eight pieces, AZVRE and GVLES, 2140 between three plates a CHEV'RON engrailed checkey, OR, VERT and ERMINES; on a chiefe ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, sables a Bores head PROPER.

*Car.* How's that? on a chiefe ARGENT?

*Sog.* On a chiefe ARGENT, a Bores head PROPER be- 2022  
2145 tweene two ANN'LETS sables.

*Carl.* Slud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Pewter field this.

*Sog.* How like you them signior?

*Pũ.* Let the world be, Not without.

2150 *mustard*, your Crest is very rare sir.

*Here they shift, Fast. mixes  
with Punt. Car. and Sogli.  
Deli. and Macilente, Cloue  
and Oreng, foure couple.*

*Car.* A frying pan to the Crest, had no fellow.

*Fast.* Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will salute the knight.

*Car.* Come lap't vp, lap't vp.

2155 *Fast.* You are right wel encountred sir, how do's your fair Dog?

*Pun.* In reasonable state sir, what Cittizen is that you were consorted with? a merchant of any worth?

*Fast.* 'Tis Signior *Deliro* sir.

*Punt.* Is it he? Saue you sir.

2160 *Deli.* Good sir *Puntaruolo*.

*Salute.*

*Mac.* O what Copie of foole would this place minister to one endew'd with Patience to obserue it?

*Car.* Nay

*Car.* Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must 2040  
 carry a more exalted presence, chaunge your moode and habite  
 2165 to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your  
 Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer  
 discourse vnder a Noble-man, though you neuer sawe him but  
 riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no  
 man, speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind  
 2170 his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish'hem hang'd vpon  
 the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose  
 heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on  
 'hem, I'll come to you againe presently.

*Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast.* (ruffe.

2175 *Punt.* Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my  
*Sog.* O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I  
 am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor. Act.III.Sc.*

*Fung.* O he is here, looke you sir, that's the Gentleman.

*Tail.* What he i'the blush colourd Sattin?

2180 *Fung.* I, he sir, thogh his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you,  
 that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a sute without diffe-  
 rence, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly and  
 all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

*Fast.* Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true,  
 2185 I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this *censori-*  
*ous* age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of  
 stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a  
 sweet Asse, I'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault  
 with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues  
 2190 into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am  
 carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh.

*Fung.* Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

*Tail.* I warrant you sir.

*Eung.* For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

2195 *Tail.* Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

*Pun.* Pray God it do not: you'll make these linings serue? and  
 helpe me for a chapman for the outside, will you?

*Tail.* I'll do my best sir: you'll put it off presently?

*Fung.* I

*Fung.* I, go with me to my chamber you shall haue it, but make  
 2200 hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'le sit i'my old sute, or else lie  
 a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

*Exit with Tailor.*

*Enter Car.*

*Caol.* O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, Gallants, now, 2080  
 now. I do vsher the most strange peece of Military Profession,  
 2205 that euer was discover'd in *Insula Paulina*.

*Fast.* Where? where?

*Punt.* What is he for a Creature?

*Carl.* A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the ra-  
 rest *Superficies* of a humor: he comes euery morning to emptie  
 2210 his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiew or six *Hecatomb's*  
 of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke,  
 walke, bee not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent  
 sport.

*Enter Shift.*

*Act. III*

*Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.*

2215 *Punt.* S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue  
 blowne vp the church.

*Carl.* O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires  
 ere he depart.

*Fast.* See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke,  
 2220 Looke.

*Carl.* Did you euer in your dayes obserue better passion ouer  
 a hilt?

*Punt.* Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that  
 the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impos-  
 2225 sible.

*Car.* See, againe, hee claps his sword o'the head, as who should  
 say, Well, go to.

*Fast.* O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, be-  
 ing so prouokt.

2230 *Carl.* *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his brest,*  
*And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.*

*Sog.* Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make'hem friends,  
 and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

*Carl.* Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the mat-  
 ter,

2035 ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,  
and the good Gentleman would happily bee rid of him.

*Fast.* By my fayth and'tis to bee suspected, I'le aske him. 2111

*Mac.* O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,  
A man would wish himselfe a sencelesse pillar,

2240 Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

*Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,*

*Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit.* Exit, with Deliro.

*Fast.* Signior.

*Shift.* At your seruice.

2245 *Fast.* Will you sell your Rapier?

*Carl.* S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he looks  
as hee had seene a Serjeant.

*Shift.* Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

*Punt.* Amen.

2250 *Shift.* You askt mee, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

*Fast.* I did indeede.

*Shift.* Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

*Punt.* Amen, I say still.

*Shift.* S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that  
2255 should mooue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would  
sell my Rapier?

*Fast.* Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I 2130  
would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I  
knowne your nature.

2260 *Shift.* Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)  
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to  
iniurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell  
my Rapier? I wil tel you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-  
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no mā:

2265 but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This  
Rapier Sir, has traue'l'd by my side Sir, the best part of France  
and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Vlishing, Brill*, and the  
*Haghe* with this Rapier, in my Lord of *Leysters* time: and (by  
Gods wil) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would —

2270 Looke y ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,  
I and

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any dispositiō to trauel, for the sight of seruice, or so, One, two, or al of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shal for my cause do you al the good of—  
 2275 fices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your — Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crown to our vse, til our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe. — Sbloud sell my Rapier?

2280 *Sog.* I pray you what sayd he Signior? hee's a proper man. 215

*Fast.* Marie he tels me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groates to his vse or so.

*Punt.* Breake his head, and giue it him.

*Carl.* I thought he had bin playing on the Iewes Trump I.

2285 *Shift.* My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenew, my Honor: (if you cannot impart, be secret I beseech you) & I wil maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sel my Rapier? no my Deare,  
 2290 I will not be deuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele: & (you cannot impart sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuerthesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

*Fast.* Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

*Carl.* Ha'you seene a Pimpe out-face his own wants better?

2295 *Sog.* I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

*Punt.* True, and hauing no better a cloak then he has for it 216  
 neither. (Gentlemen.

*Fast.* Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

*Punt.* Whither? in such haste, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

2300 *Fast.* After my Marchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

*Carl.* O hinder him not, he may hap lose his Tyde, a good Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

*Oren.* Hark you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. ( *Oren. & Cloue*

*Carl.* How? Signior *Whiffe*? { *call Shift aside.*

2305 *Oren.* What was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir?

*Shift.*

*Shift.* No difference: he would h'a giu'n me fūe pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some termes.

*Clou.* O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon

2310 *Shift.* No other than you saw sir. (Clou.

*Clou.* Adiew good Master *Apple Iohn*. *Exeūt Oren. &*

*Carl.* How? *Whiffe*, and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond'Indentures?

*Punt.* It may be. *Car.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus*, thou that lookst  
2315 euery way; or thou *Hercules*, that hast trauail'd all Countries.

*Punt.* Nay *Carlo*, spend not time in Inuocatiō now; 'tis late.

*Car.* Signior, here's a Gentlemā desirous of your name sir.

*Shift.* My name is *Cauallier Shift*: I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

2320 *Car. Shift?* I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

*Shift.* True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to giue me the style of Signior *Whiffe*: as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they cal me Master *Apple Iohn*, varietie of good names does well sir.

2325 *Carl.* I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Billes to bee yours.

*Shift.* Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures*, I were worthy to bee banisht the middle yle for euer.

*Carl.* I take your word sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to  
2330 'hē, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; mary you must vse expedition: *Signor Insulso Sogliardo*, this is the Professor.

*Sog.* In good time sir, nay good sir house your head, do you professe these sleights in Tabacco?

*Shift.* I doe more then professe sir, & (if you please to be a  
2335 practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if neede bee; the most popular assembly that is.

*Punt.* But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

*Shift.* Yes as soone sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, & 3. *Whiffe*,  
2340 if it please him, & (vpon the receipt) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot.



*Carl.* Baw-waw.

(*Countenance.*

*Sog.* You wil not serue me sir, wil you? I'le giue you more thā 2275

2345 *Shift.* Pardon mee Sir, I do scorne to serue any man.

*Carl.* Who? he serue? S'bloud hee keepes High men, & Low men, he? hee has a fayre liuing at Fullam.

*Shift.* But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

2350 *Sog.* Sir, you shall stay and dine with me, & if we can agree, wee'le not part in haste: I am very bountiful to mē of quality. Where shall wee goe Signior?

*Punt.* Your Mitre is your best house.

*Shift.* I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and 2355 hee shall retaine, or refume them at my pleasure.

*Punt.* By your patience, follow mee fellowes.

*Sog.* Sir *Puntaruolo*.

*Punt.* Pardon me, my dog shal not eate in his company for 2280 a Million.

*Exit Punt. with his fellowes.*

2360 *Carl.* Nay be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiff-neckt Gentleman sayes.

*Sog.* No, for you do not know the Humor of the Dog, as we do: where shal we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

2365 *Carl.* So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

*Sog.* No fayth, but they say, there resorts your most choyse Gallants.

*Car.* True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were 2370 some vnknowne beast brought out of Affricke, but that'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you must bee impudent enough, sit downe, and vse no respect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauel'd: 2375 though you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

*Sog.* I

Sog. I warrāt you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres 2248  
2380 a poore French crowne for your Ordinarie.

Shift. It comes wel, for I had not so much as the least Port-  
cullice of coyne before. *Exeunt.*

## G R E X.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare  
2385 wil be enforc'd against the Author, ere I cā be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue bin of  
some other nature, as of a Duke to bee in loue with a Coun-  
tesse, and that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes sonne,  
2390 and the sonne to loue the Ladies wayting-maide: some such  
crosse wooing, with a Clowne to their seruing-man, better  
than to bee thus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say wel, but I would faine heare one of these Au-  
tumne-iudgemēts define once, *Quidsit Comædia?* if he cānot,  
2395 let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue  
strength to propose to himself a better) who would haue a Co-  
medie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veri-*  
*tatis*, a thing throughout pleasant & ridiculous, & accommo-  
dated to the correction of maners: if the maker haue fail'd in  
2400 any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not,  
why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and  
giue way to the Actors.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

Act.III.Sc.;

*Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.*

2405 Sord. Nay Gods precious, if the weather and the season be  
so respectlesse, that Beggars shall liue as well as their betters;  
and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them  
hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleeps shall be bro-  
ken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shal be full,  
2410 and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a  
Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud  
cannot beare this crosse.

## G R E X.

*Mit.* What will hee hang himselfe?

2280

2415 *Cor.* { Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept  
touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

*Mit.* { Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

*Sord.* Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem?  
one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as Christall; ano-  
2420 ther saies, tempestuous blasts and stormes, and 'twas as calme  
as a Milk-bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his  
whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cockscombs you: you  
fat braines, out vpon you; you are good for nothing but to  
sweate night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare: you learned  
2425 men, & haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre ser-*  
*uice?* By heauen I think I shall die a better scholler then they:  
but soft, how now sirrah? *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

*Hind.* Here's a letter come from your sonne sir.

*Sord.* From my sonne sir? what would my sonne sir? some  
2430 good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

*Sweet & deere father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, 2295*  
*which is more worth to me thā gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to*  
*be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we use al-*  
*waies to haue Reuels; which is indeed dancing, & makes an excellēt*  
2435 *shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attir'd, which our*  
*Seniors note, & thinke the better of our fathers, the better wee are*  
*maintain'd, & that they shal know if they come vp, & haue any thing*  
*to do in the Law: therfore good father, these are (for your own sake,*  
*as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not wāt that which*  
2440 *is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honorable volume of Gēti-*  
2440 *bis lity, that I may say to our Columnators with Tullie, EGO SVM*  
*ORTVS DOMVS MEAE, TV OCCASSVS TVAE.*  
*And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask*  
*you blessing, and pray God to blesse you. Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? Yours, if his own? is he not my sonne, except he be  
2445 his own sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription  
the Gallants vse. Well, wherefore doest thou stay knaue?  
Away: goe. *Exit Hind.*

Here's

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? & beneuolence? is this a wea-  
 ther to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S<sup>t</sup>id 2375  
 2450 the deuill and all takes part to vexe mee I thinke: this letter  
 would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne  
 shines, and the ayre thus cleere. Soule if this hold, wee shall  
 shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high  
 waies, the streets and houses of the towne will be hid with the  
 2455 ranknesse of the fruits that grow there, in spight of good Hus-  
 bandry. Go to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it  
 can, I wil preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*:  
 stay; Ile trie the paine thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Wel,  
 now shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any  
 2460 body be the better for my gold, or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it  
 from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shal walke about it, and pre-  
 serue it, my sonne and daughter shall sterue ere they touch it,  
 I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and  
 to it I goe now. *Fals off.*

2465 *Enter Rustici, 5. or 6. one after another.* *Act.III.Sc.1*

*Rust. 1* Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, help.

*Rust. 2* How now? what's the matter?

*Rust. 1* O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get  
 him againe.

2470 *Rust. 2* Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis  
*chance medley* on my word.

*Rust. 3* How now, what's here to doe?

*Rust. 4.* How comes this?

*Rust. 2* One has executed himselfe contrary to the order of  
 2475 Law, and by my consent hee shall answer't.

*Rust. 5* Would he were in case to answere it.

*Rust. 1* Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

*Sord.* Oh.

*Rust. 5* Masse, 'twas well you went the foote-way neighbor.

2480 *Rust. 1* I, and I had not cut the halter. (done.)

*Sord.* How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn- 2345

*deest* {  
 2482 } *Rust. 2* Mary if you had not beene vndone, you had beene  
 hang'd I can tell you.

*Sord.* You

2485 *Sord.* You thredbare hors-bread eating rascals, if you would 2348  
needs haue beene medling, could you not haue vntied it, but  
you must cut it? and in the midst too? Aye mee.

*Rust.* 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed  
are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

2490 *Rust.* 2 Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse  
of the poore?

*Rust.* 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

*Rust.* 4. Curst bee thy fingers that loos'd him.

*Rust.* 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maiest  
2495 hang thy selfe too. (monster.

*Rust.* 5 Neuer maiest thou bee sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a

*Sord.* What curses breathe these men, how haue my deeds 2360  
Made my lookes differ from another mans,  
That they should thus detest, and lothe my life?

2500 Out on my wretched Humor, it is that  
Makes mee thus monstrous in true humane eyes.  
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends  
For my foule errours past, and twentie-fold  
Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:

2505 My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still  
To all the poore that come, and my best graine  
Be made alms-bread, to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.  
Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd  
Like an vnsauorie Muck-hill to my selfe.

2510 Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,  
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.  
Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing  
My life and soule together. Oh how deeply  
The bitter curses of the poore doe piercel

2515 I am by wonder chang'd, come in with mee  
And witnesse my repentance: now I proue  
„ No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue.

*Exit.*

*Rust.* 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

*Rust.* 3 Had't not beene pitie so good a man should haue  
2520 beene cast away?

*Rust.* 2 Well

*Rust.* 2 Well, I'll get our Clarke put his conuersion in the 2384  
Chronicle.

*Rust.* 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

*Rust.* O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you see how  
2525 the teares trill'd?

*Rust.* 5 Yes beleeeue mee; like masters Vicars bowles vpon  
the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing your heart neighbor,  
'twas a good gratefull deede. *Exeunt.*

2530

G R E X.

*Cord.* How now *Mitis*? what's that you consider so seriously? 2394

*Mit.* Troth, that which doth essentially please me: the war-  
ping condition of this greene and soggie multitude: but in  
good fayth Signior, your Author hath largely ouer-slipt my  
2535 expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For whē  
I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a  
hand of him then. (indeede?

*Cord.* What? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe

*Mit.* I did; and had fram'd my obiection to it readie, which  
2540 may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessity: for though  
his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death,  
yet the Intent and Horror of the object, was more then the  
nature of a Comedie will in any sort allow.

*Cord.* I? what thinke you of *Plautus*, in his Comedie called  
2545 *Cistellaria* there? where hee brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a  
drawne sword, readie to kill himselfe, and as he is e'ne fixing  
his breast vpon it, to be restrain'd from his resolu'd out-rage  
by *Sileninm* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to  
giue our Scene approbation?

2550 *Mit.* Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, *I*  
*thinke it bee so indeede, your memorie is happier than mine:* but I  
wonder what engine hee wil vse to bring the rest out of their  
Humors.

*Cord.* That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your ima-  
2555 gination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the  
K Scene

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrey to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly suted, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

2560

## SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.*

*Fast.* Well now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely wel- Ad  
come to the Court, but also to my mistris with drawing chā-  
ber: Boy, get me some *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and shew I am  
2565 here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

*Mac.* What's that hee sayd? by heauen I markt him not,  
My thoughts and I were of another world;  
I was admiring mine owne onside here,  
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares  
2570 Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile  
In wit, in iudgement, in manners, or what else;  
If hee can purchase but a Silken couer,  
He shall not onely passe, but passe regarded:  
Whereas let him be poore and meanely clad,  
2575 Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue  
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe  
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)  
Will take him by the shoulders or the throate,  
And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state  
2580 Of vertue in bad cloths, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
That Rayment should be in such high request?  
How long shoud I be e're I should put off  
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* posts?  
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeere.  
2585 His Grautie, his wisdom, and his fayth,  
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)  
These I could well endure to reuerence,  
But not his tombe, no more than Ile commend  
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,  
2590 Or this base Violl for the varnisht face. *Enter Fast.*

*Fast.* In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir; but is  
my

my *Tabacco* ready boy?

*Cine.* I sir.

*Fast.* Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see 2453  
2595 her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more  
piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's  
defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to  
her, her braine's a very quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them  
abroad with that sweete loose and iudiciall aime, that you  
2600 would—here she comes sir.

*Enter Sauiolina, and goes in againe.*

*Mac.* 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

*Sau.* Giue mee my fanne there.

*Mac.* How now Monsieur *Briske*?

2605 *Fast.* A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold  
shiuering (me thinkes)

*Mac.* I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mis-  
tresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like  
impudent mountaines.

2610 *Fast.* By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting Horse  
stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke.

*Mac.* Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

2468

*Cine.* Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dan-  
cing a Galliard, as she comes by.

2615 *Fast.* I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies madde  
with desire: she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me. Boy  
the Pipe quickly.

*Enter Sauiolina.*

*Mac.* What? will he giue her musicke?

*Fast.* A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

2620 *Sau.* Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the  
date of your salutation comes forth.

*Fast.* How like you that answere? is't not admirable? (sir.

*Mac.* I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles.

*Fast.* Troth sweet Lady, I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you  
2625 thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) study more officious and  
obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend  
the pipe boy.



*Mac.* I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parenthesis* before. 2482

*Fast.* Fore God (sweet Ladie) beleue it, I doe honour the  
2630 meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

*Sau.* I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you do prize  
a rush before my loue.

*Mac.* Is this the wonder of nations?

*Fast.* O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light;  
2635 but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your Ingenuitie sweete  
Mistresse to—Masse your Violl's new strung me thinkes.

*Takes downe the Violl.*

*Mac.* *Ingenuitie*; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to  
slander her; which hee had done most notably, if he had sayd  
2640 *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

*Fast.* By the soule of Musicke Ladie (*hum, hum*)

*Sau.* Would wee might heare it once.

*Fast.* I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predo-  
minate perfections, than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power  
2645 and facultie to expresse (*hum.*)

*Sau.* Vpon the Violl *de Gambo* you meane?

*Fast.* It's miserably out of tune, by this hand. 2500

*Sau.* Nay, rather by the fingers.

*Mac.* It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

2650 *Fast.* Sweete Ladie tune it. Boy, some *Tabacco*.

*Mac.* *Tabacco* againe? he do's court his mistresse with very  
exceeding good changes.

*Fast.* Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great  
2655 *Indecorum* for mee to take *Tabacco*.

*Fast.* How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent sir.

*Fast.* You see the subject of her sweete fingers there? (*Tab.*)  
Oh shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most  
2660 Diuinely, (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jest now, and your selfe  
shall say i'ts a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that In-  
strument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by Hea-  
uens (*Tab.*)

*Maci.* Not

*Maci.* Not vnlike sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by 2516  
2665 on the wall?

*Fast.* O, no sir, to bee in vse I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

*Sau.* Here seruant, if you will play, come.

*Fast.* Instantly, sweete Ladie (*Tab.*) In good fayth here's  
2670 most Diuine *Tabacco*.

*Sau.* Nay, I cannot stay, to Daunce after your Pipe.

*Fast.* Good, my deere Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoke, I thinke your wit bee all fire. (*Tab.*)

*Mac.* And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

2675 *Sau.* Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd sir, that you sweare by the sweete Smoke.

*Fast.* Still more excellent: before God, and these bright Heauens, I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

*Maci.* True, as your discourse is: O abhominable! 253r

2680 *Fast.* Will your Ladiship take any?

*Sau.* O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Wood-*

*Fast.* Meaning my head, Ladie? (*cocks head.*)

*Sau.* Not altogether so sir; but (as it were Fatal to their follies, that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*,  
2685 when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcockes* head.

O Admirable *Simile*!

*Sau.* 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, sir.

*Exit Sauiolina.*

2690 *Mac.* Are these the admired Ladi-wits, that hauing so good a Plaine-song, can run no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart, all her jests are of the stampe *March* was fiteene yeres agoe. Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fastidius*, that your Gallants wonder at so?

2695 *Fast.* Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence 2546 thus: Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Iesu, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the floud too: Report it not for a million good sir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

*Exeunt.*

2700

G R E X.

*Mit.* What followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants 255r  
 Humor is almost spent me thinks, it ebbes apace, with this  
 contrarie breath of his mistresse.

*Cord.* O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a  
 2705 generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I  
 feare not, but his will fall as low as any. See who presents him-  
 selfe here?

*Mit.* What, i'the old case?

*Cord.* Ifaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnder-  
 2710 stand where the Scene is?

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA. Act.IV.

*Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.*

*Fall.* Why are you so Melancholy brother?

*Fun.* I am not melancholy, I thanke you sister.

2715 *Fall.* Why are you not merie then? there are but two of vs  
 in the world, and if wee should not bee comforts to one ano-  
 ther, God helpe vs.

*Fun.* Faith, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true me-  
 lancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his  
 2720 yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne  
 a Gentleman: and yet when hee has cut'hem, he will see his  
 sonnes throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman in-  
 deed, before death cut is own throat. I must be the first Head  
 of our house, and yet hee will not giue me the head, till I bee  
 2725 made so. Is any man term'd a Gentleman, that is not alwaies  
 i'the fashion? I would know but that.

*Fall.* If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I think I haue  
 as much cause to bee melancholy, as one; for I'le be sworne I  
 liue as little in the fashiō, as any woman in *London*. By the Bi-  
 2730 ble of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend  
 i'the world besides my husband. When saw you Master *Fasti-  
 dius Briske*, Brother?

*Fun.* But a while since sister, I thinke, I know not well in  
 truth. By Gods lid I could fight, with all my heart, me thinks.

*Fall.* Nay

2735 *Fall.* Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

*Fun.* I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

*Fall.* Oh sweete *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art he  
makst me sigh & say, How blessed is that woman that hath a  
*Courtier* to her husband? & how miserable a dame she is that  
2740 hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*? O sweet *Fastidius*,  
O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie?  
how ful he hits a womā betwixt the lips whē he kisses? how vp-  
right he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweet-  
ly he talks, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how  
2745 cleanly hee wipes his spoone at euery spoonfull of any whit-  
meate hee eates, and what a neate case of pick-toothes he car-  
ries about him still? O sweete *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*.

*Enter Deliro with Musicians.*

*Act.IV.Sc.2*

*Deli.* See, yonder she is Gentlemē, now (as euer you'le beare  
2750 the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has  
a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

*Music.* Feare not, Signior *Deliro*.

*Deli.* O begin, begin some sprightly thing; Lord, howe my  
imagination labours with the successe of it: well sayd, good  
2755 yfaith, heauen graunt it please her: I'le not bee seene, for then  
shee'le be sure to dislike it.

*Fall.* Heyda, this is excellent: I'le lay my life this is my hus-  
bands dotage. I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with  
me, I know you doe nothing but studie how to anger mee sir.

2760 *Deli.* Anger thee, sweete wife? why, didst thou not send for  
Musicians to supper last night thy selfe?

*Fall.* To supper Sir? now come vp to supper I beseech you:  
as though there were no difference betweene Supper time  
when folks should be merrie, and this time, when they would  
2765 be Melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife,  
if I had no more Indgement to please her.

*Deli.* Be pleas'd sweet wife, & they shal ha' done: & would  
to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

*Exit Musicians.*

*Enter Macilente.*

*Maci.* God

2770 *Maci.* God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*? 2615

*Deli.* Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome frō the Court  
Sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of Master  
*Brisks* Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

*Mac.* Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarce knowne

2775 To any Lady there: and those that know him,

Know him the simplest man of all they know:

Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,

Though hee but Apishly doth imitate

The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,

2780 Holding the Cloth for them, praying their Wits,

And seruily obseruing euery one,

May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to bee seene

With any man (though hee bee ne're so worthy)

That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.

2785 Thus Courtiers doe, and these hee counterfeits,

But sets not such a sightly carriage

Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;

And therefore they despise him: for indeed

Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,

2790 That tries trickes after him, to make men laugh.

*Fall.* Here's an vnthankful spitefull wretch: the good Gen- 2636  
tleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my  
husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-  
rude Rascall back-bites him.

2795 *Deli.* Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

*Mac.* Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fils vp a rouse, that's all.

*Fall.* O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enui-  
ous Caytiffe?

*Deli.* Well, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but  
2800 (now I see what he is, & that his masking vizor is off) I'll for-  
beare him no longer, al his lands are morgag'd to me, and for-  
feited: besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand for the receipt of  
now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne  
but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. Wel, I'll salute  
2805 him by a *Sergeāt*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'll Suit him.

*Maci.*

*Mac.* Why, you may soone see him sir, for he is to meet Sig- 2650  
nior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where  
he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

*Fall.* Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not bee content to  
310 backe-bite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke  
the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you  
sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

*Deli.* Deere wife haue patience.

*Fall.* The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs:  
315 Ile not bide here for all the gold and siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

*Deli.* O good *Macilente* let's follow and appease her, or the  
Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

*Maci.* Now *Pease*, and not *Peace* feede that life, whose head  
hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*  
320 *Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it to.*

*Fall.* Helpe me, brother: Gods body and you come here, I'le 2664  
doe my selfe a mischiefe.

*Deli.* Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me goe,  
I will not go. *Within.*

325 *Fall.* Tut, you shall n'ere ha' that vantage of mee, to say you  
are vndone by mee: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweete bro-  
ther, here's foure Angels, I'le giue you toward your Sute; for  
the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature,  
make haste to the water side (you know where Master *Fastidius*  
330 vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and  
tell him of that leane Rascals trecherie: O Iesu, how my flesh  
rises at him? nay, sweete brother make haste, you may say I  
would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time  
would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordina-  
335 rily from mee: and Commend mee to him good brother: say I  
sent you. *Exit.*

*Fung.* Let mee see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shil-  
lings more I can borrow on my gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I  
will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I  
840 haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the  
rest. *Exit.*

L

SCENA

[LINGE'S QUARTO]

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Deliro with Macilente, speaking as they passe  
ouer the Stage.*

2845 *Deli.* O, on my soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, 2682  
Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

*Mac.* Well, then haue I no iudgement; would any woman  
(but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into  
that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't

2850 possible——

*Deli.* If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world  
shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it. *Exeunt.*

## G R E X.

*Cord.* How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

2855 *Mit.* O, strangely; and of the others enuie too, that labours  
so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here  
comes the Knight Aduenturer.

*Cord.* I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

## SCENA TERTIA.

Act. IV

2860 *Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Seruingmen.*

*Punt.* I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*,  
if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee  
the *Theorie*.

*Not.* With all my heart sir; and i'lle fall in hand with 'hem  
2865 presently.

*Punt.* Well then, first; the *Summe* is to bee vnderstood.

*Not.* Good, sir.

*Punt.* Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my  
Dögge and Cat must bee knowne: shew him the Cat Sirrah.

2870 *Not.* So sir.

*Punt.* Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turks Court in  
*Constantinople*: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and  
that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are  
Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

2875 *Not.* I sir.

*Punt.* Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by  
Sea

Sea or *Land* for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the sayd Coach.

30 *Not.* Very good Sir.

*Punt.* That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for 2716 feare of bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most Autenticall *Phisicians* where I trauaile) shal be thought dangerous.

85 *Not.* Well sir.

*Pun.* That (after the receipt of his mony) he shal neither in his owne person, or any other, either by direct, or indirect meanes; as *Magicke*, *witchcraft*, or other such *Exotick* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of Mee, my Dogge, 90 or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible, by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee 95 performed, sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

*Not.* So sir.

*Punt.* That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat, the traine or taile of a Rat.

100 *Not.* 'Tis done sir.

*Pun.* 'Tis said sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my re- 2735 turne and landing on the Tower wharfe, with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fve for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

105 *Not.* Well sir.

*Punt.* Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to 110 receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon fayre and equall termes.

*Not.* Very good sir; is this all?

L 2

*Punt.* It



*Punt.* It is all sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie*.

2746

*Not.* As fast as is possible sir.      *Exit.*      *Enter Carlo.*

2915 *Punt.* O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Mounsier *Briske*?

*Carl.* Not I, did hee appoynt you to meete here?

*Punt.* I, and I muse hee should bee so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintaine his promise.

*Carl.* Is his houre past?

2920 *Punt.* Not yet, but it comes on apace.

*Carl.* Tut, be not iealous of him; hee will sooner breake all the tenne Commandements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

*Punt.* Mee thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smoothe: ha?

2925 *Carl.* Why, I come but now from a Hot-house, I must needes looke smoothe.

*Punt.* From a Hot-house?

*Carl.* I, do you make a wonder on't, why it's your onely *Phisicke*. Let a man sweate once a weeke in a Hot-house, and be wel  
2930 rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweete Linnen, hee shall n'ere ha' the Poxe.

*Punt.* What? the *French* Poxe?

*Carl.* The *French* Poxe! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in  
as good forme as they man: what? 2765

2935 *Punt.* Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

*Carl.* O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' bin droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yester-day noone.

2940 *Punt.* Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?

*Carl.* I, he: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some do-  
2945 sen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem, (as you'd doe a piece of *Perspectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp, like a Sow vnder an Apple tree, while th'other open'd his nostrilles with a  
Poking-

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They  
 2950 had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore  
 we came away.

*Punt.* How! spit three or fourescore ounces?

2783

*Carl.* I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a Barber does his  
 Blood, when hee pricks a veine. (friend?

2955 *Punt.* Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

*Carl.* Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world?  
 ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

*Punt.* Thy Humor is the more dangerous.

*Carl.* No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in  
 2960 all: I can oyle my tongue when I meete him next, and looke  
 with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspi-*  
*cion*, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the  
 title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among  
 fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit, affect  
 2965 it.

*Enter Deliro and Macilente.*

Act.IV.Sc.4.

*Deli.* Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

*Punt.* Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

*Deli.* Pray you sir, did you see master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard  
 he was to meete your Worship here.

2970 *Punt.* You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery mi-  
 nute my Watch strikes.

*Deli.* In good time sir.

*Carl.* There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of  
*Sparta*, mary his wits after ten i'the hundred. A good Bloud-  
 2975 hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie  
 hee's at a fault now me thinks.

*Punt.* I should wonder at that creature is free from the dan-  
 ger of thy tongue.

*Carl.* O I cannot abide these limmes of *Sattin*, or rather *Sa-*  
 2980 *than* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all  
 day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes,  
 readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifths, as come within  
 the verge.

*Punt.* So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

*Carl.* O

2985 *Car.* O (Damne mee) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, 2815  
the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

*Punt.* How *Carlo*? ha, what is hee man?

*Carl.* A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke  
raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd mus-  
2990 ket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Rest there.

*Punt.* His Rest? why has he a forked head?

*Carl.* Pardon me, that's to bee suspended, you are too quicke,  
too apprehensiue.

*Deli.* Troth (now I thinkt on't) Ile defer it til some other time.

2995 *Maci.* Gods precious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall  
not lose this opportunitie, hee will be here presently now.

*Deli.* Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so  
exceedingly offendmy wife in't, that——

*Mac.* Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and  
3000 become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife)  
suffer my self to be thus passionatly caried (too & fro) with the  
streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue  
her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

*Deli.* O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold-- 283

3005 *Mac.* Such a wife? Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd  
any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I haue: I  
haue seen some that ha' bin thought fairer thā she, in my time;  
and I haue seen those ha' not beene altogether so tall, esteem'd  
proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noses grow vpon sweeter  
3010 Faces, that haue done very well too in my iudgement: but in  
good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pre-  
tie prowd hard-fauour'd thing, mary not so peerelesse to be do-  
ted vpon, I must confesse: nay, bee not angrie.

*Deli.* Well sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I  
3015 haue not deseru'd to bee thus play'd vpon, but henceforth, pray  
you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the sauor of  
his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

*Mac.* Nay then Signior, let mee tell you, your wife is no pro-  
per woman by *Iesu*, and I suspect her honestie, that's more,  
3020 which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) doe you see? Ile

vrge

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please,  
you may suspect it.

*Deli.* Good sir.

*Exit.*

2852

*Mac.* Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou  
3025 blind egregious Dotard.

*Carl.* O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Maci-lente*, you saw Monsieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with him at the Court.

*Maci.* I *Buffone*, I was with him.

3030 *Carl.* And how is hee respected there? (I know youle deale ingeniously with us?) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of Gallants?

*Mac.* Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *casting glasse*,  
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,  
3035 And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,  
After their Garbe, smile, and salute in French  
With some new complement.

*Carl.* What is this all?

*Mac.* Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,  
3040 Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,  
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.  
Why all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace  
To vertue, or desert: but to ride both  
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse from themselues.  
3045 'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;  
And a Diseasure in *Nature* to be kind  
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names:  
Who feedes with a Good name? who thriues with longing?  
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,

3050 With seruing others? ha, ha, ha:  
'Tis folly by our wisest worldlings prou'd  
(If not to gaine by loue) to bee belou'd.

*Carl.* How like you him, is't not a good spightfull slaue? ha?

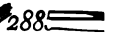
*Punt.* Shrewd, shrewd.

(villain.

3055 *Car.* Damne me, I could eate his flesh now: Diuine sweet

*Mac.* Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

*Carl.* Who?

*Carl.* Who? this i'the starcht Beard? it's the dull stiffe   
 Knight *Puntarvolo* man; hee's to trauaile now presently: he has  
 a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the land  
 3060 with him.

*Mac.* How then?

*Carl.* He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; vpon  
 the returne of a Dog and Cat.

*Mac.* Is this hee?

3065 *Carl.* I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee lookes like  
 a chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & ready to take his  
 leaue: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht  
 the table all Lent, as he has done the Citie this last *Vacation*.

*Mac.* Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *Simile's*: I shall  
 3070 ha' you aiming at mee with 'hem by and by, but—

*Carl.* O renounce mee then: pure, honest, good *Deuill*, I loue  
 thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admirati-  
 on of thee now: Gods so', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his  
 Esquire.

*Enter Sog. and Shift.*

*Act -*

3075 *Sog.* Saue you my deere *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach,  
 good *Cauallier*: pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this Gentleman,  
 hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend & compa-  
 nion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you Gen-  
 tles, know him.

3080 *Punt.* Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo*s sake) let it suffice, I know you.

*Sog.* Why by Iesu, I thanke you knight, and it shall suffice.  
 Hearke you sir *Puntaruolo*, you'd little thinke it; hee's as reso-  
 lute a peece of flesh as any's i'the world.

*Punt.* Indeede sir?

3085 *Sog.* Vpon my Gentilitie sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe  
 you see that same fellow there?

*Car.* What? *Cauallier Shift*?

*Sog.* O you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think  
 him the tallest man liuing within the walles of *Europe*.

3090 *Carl.* The walles of *Europe*! take heede what you say Signior,  
*Europe's* a huge thing within the walles.

*Sog.* Tut (and 'twere as huge againe) Il'd iustifie what I  
 speake.

speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where wee were:  
I neuer saw a man do it more resolute.

3095 *Carl.* Nay, indeed swaggering is a good *Argument of Resolution*. Doe you heare this, Signior?

*Maci.* I, to my griefe. O that such muddie Flags  
For euerie drunken flourish, should atchieue  
The name of *Manhood*; whilst true perfect Valour

3100 (Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.  
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)  
I dare doe more then hee a thousand times:  
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?  
And giue my worth allowance before his?

3105 Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe  
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowess.

*Sog.* Why I tell you sir, hee has beene the onely *Bidstand* that  
euer was, kept *New-market, Salisburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i'the hole,  
*Gads-hill*; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his

3110 *Mares* and his *Geldings* hee, ha' been worth forty, threescore,  
a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge  
and ditch like your *Greyhound*: hee has done fiae hundred  
Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

*Punt.* What? and scapt?

115 *Sog.* Scapt! Yfaith I: hee has broken the iayle when hee has  
been in yrons, and yrons; & beene out, & in againe; and out,  
and in; fortie times, and not so few, hee.

*Mac.* A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person. 2945

*Carl.* But can this bee possible? (to it.

120 *Shift.* Why, 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections  
*Sog.* Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie  
these Gentlemen of thy worth.

*Shift.* Pardon me my deere *Orestes*: Causes haue their *Quid-*  
*dits*, and 'tis ill iesting with Bell-ropes.

3125 *Carl.* How? *Pylades* and *Orestes*? (conceit?

*Sog.* I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*: how like you the

*Carl.* O it's an old stale Enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you  
Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Iudas*, and you shal

M beee

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

3130 *Mac.* Nay, rather let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Mo-* 2958  
*tion*, for he does nothing but Shew him.

*Car.* Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.

*Shift.* You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen?

*Punt.* Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall bee his  
3135 *Countenance*, and hee your *Resolution*.

*Sog.* Troth that's pretie: how say you *Cauallier*, shalt bee so?

*Carl.* I, I, most voyces.

*Shift.* Faith I am easily yeelding to any good Impressions.

*Sog.* Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

3140 *Carl.* Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (proper-  
ly) to him againe.

*Punt.* Yes, by an *Ironie*.

*Mac.* O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's al-  
together grim and vnpleasant.

*Enter Briske.*

3145 *Fast.* Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentle- *Act.IV.*  
men, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

*Punt.* Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended  
for you sir.

*Fast.* Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this  
3150 morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a  
Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labours for mee  
to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so pre-  
uaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one,  
that gaue mee this bracelet off her Haire but ouer night, and  
3155 this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary shee—  
what? are these writings ready?

*Punt.* I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the  
*Notaries*, and learne if hee be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

*Exit Seruingman.*

3160 *Fast.* And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh  
Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I sawe you not, I had saluted  
you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon  
you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace in-  
deede sir.

*Mac.* You

5 *Mac.* You may sir.

2993

*Car.* S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

*Sog.* Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any  
10 thing in him?

*Fast.* Any thing in him? beshrew mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

*Sog.* By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* and *Resolu-*  
15 *tion*, but his name is *Cauallier Shift*.

*Punt.* *Cauallier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

*Sog.* Knew him sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

30 *Punt.* How? was't your Project sir?

*Shift.* Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuate.

*Sog.* Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*.

3010

*Shift.* That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their  
35 respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true *Clogge* in the coherence of that affaire sir; for if hee had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on  
40 *Woodcocks* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

*Punt.* Why, had hee no more Agents then?

*Sog.* O God sir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

95 *Shift.* I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconci'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

*Sog.* Nay, hee has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most  
100 rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.



*Carl.* S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monster, than 3027  
euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the fellow with the *Elephant*.

*Mac.* Hee will hang out his picture shortly in a cloth, you shall see.

3205 *Sog.* O hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you saw, for termes and circumstances.

*Fast.* Good faith Signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my selfe: sir *Puntaruolo*, you knowe him if I should  
3210 name him; Signior *Luculento*.

*Punt.* *Luculento*! what inauspicious chance interpos'd it selfe betwixt your two loues?

*Fast.* Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* sonne; but let the cause escape sir: He sent me a challenge  
3215 (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee met. Now indeede sir (I must tell you) hee did offer at first very desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you sir, I cast my selfe into this figure: now he comes violently on, and with-  
all aduancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his  
3220 arme (for hee had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure hee could not recouer his guard) sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ranne him close by the left  
cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had a gold Cable hatband, then new come vp, (which I wore about  
3225 a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was Massie, Gold-smithes worke, cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune being thicke, embrodered with gold twist, and span-  
gles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it graz'd on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purles of an Italian cut-  
3230 worke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three daies before.

*Punt.* This was a strange encounter.

305

*Fastid.* Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out and breath'd: Now, (vpon the second signe of his assault,) I  
3235 betooke mee to the former maner of my defence; hee (on the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as  
before,

before, and followes mee still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the  
 3240 doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skinne. He (making a reuerse blow, fals vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had thrown off the hāgers a little before) strikes off the skirt of a thick lac't satin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearles, rents through the drawings  
 3245 out of Tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

*Car.* I wonder hee speakes not of his wrought shirt.

3067

*Fast.* Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceede) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one  
 3250 of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boote, and (being Spanish Leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes mee, rends mee two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach-colour, and another) and strikes mee some halfe inch deepe into the side of the Calfe: He (seeing the  
 3255 bloud come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)

*Carl.* O, comes it there?

*Fast.* Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the Presence.  
 3260 *Mac.* Well, by this wee can gesse what apparrell the Gentleman wore.

*Punt.* Fore God it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, & ended with more  
 3265 humanitie. How now, what sayes hee?

*His seruingman enters.*

*Seruing.* The *Notarie* sayes he is ready sir, he stayes but your Worships pleasure.

*Punt.* Come, wee will goe to him Monsieur. Gentlemen, shal wee entreate you to bee witnesses.

3270 *Sog.* You shall entreate mee sir, come *Resolution.*

*Shift.* I follow you good *Countenance.*

*Carl.* Come Signior, come, come.

*Maci.* O, that there should bee fortune  
 To clothe these men, so naked in desert,  
 3275 And that the iust storme of a wretched life,  
 Beates 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,  
 And since as fruitlesse, euen as blacke as coles. *Exit.*

## G R E X.

*Mit.* Why but Signior, howe comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd  
 3280 not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

*Cord.* Marie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who  
 haue indeede tempted the good simple youth to follow the  
 taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends.  
 Behold, here hee comes, verie worshipfully attended, and with  
 3285 good varietie.

## SCENA QVARTA.

## Act. IV

*Enter Fungoso, with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.*

*Fung.* Gramercie good Shoe-maker, Ile put to strings my  
 selfe. *Exit Shoe-maker.*

3290 Now sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

*Haber.* Here's the Bill, sir.

*Fung.* How does't become me? well?

*Tayl.* Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

*Haber.* Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town  
 3295 can serue you, And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust  
 mee for a groat else.

*Fung.* Does it apply well to my sute?

*Tay.* Exceeding well sir.

*Fung.* How li'kst thou my sute Haberdasher?

3300 *Hab.* By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw  
 a sute sit better I can tell on.

*Tay.* Nay, we haue no Arte to please our friends, wee.

*Fung.* Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

*Haber.* Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

3305 *Fung.* Nay (beleue mee) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in  
 clothes as another.

*Tay.* You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

*Fung.* I'le

*Fung.* I'll haue points anon: how now? is't right.

3126

*Hab.* Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good  
3310 morrow to you sir.

*Exit Haberdasher.*

*Fun.* Farewell good Haberdasher: well now master *Snip* let  
mee see your Bill.

G R E X.

*Mit.* { Me thinkes hee discharges his followers too thicke.  
3315 *Cor.* { O, therein hee saucily imitates some great man. I war-  
rant you though hee turnes off them, hee keepes this  
Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

*Fung.* This Bill is very reasonable in fayth: Hearke you Ma-  
ster *Snip*, Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this  
3320 present, as I could wish I were: but— If you'll doe me the fa-  
uour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

*Tay.* Sir——

*Fung.* And but giue mee credite for the rest, til the beginning  
of the next Terme.

3325 *Tay.* O Lord Sir——

*Fung.* Fore God and by this light Ile pay you to the vtmost,  
and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by this  
hand.

*Tay.* Why how much haue you there Sir?

3146

3330 *Fung.* Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of  
white money, it's all I haue as ' hope to bee sau'd.

*Tay.* You will not faile mee at the next Terme with the rest.

*Fung.* No: and I do, pray God I bee hang'd. Let mee neuer  
breathe againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher cals  
3335 it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) Ile hold.

G R E X.

*Cor.* { Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my iudgement,  
that would not credite him vpon these monstrous  
othes.

3340 *Tay.* Well sir, Ile not sticke with any Gentleman for a tri-  
fle, you know what 'tis remaines.

*Fung.* I Sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith; O God, how  
happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, nowe i'll goe  
seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for  
 3345 my shooes, and points. S'lid what luck's this? how shall we doe?  
 Master *Snippe*, pray let mee reduct some two or three shillings  
 for poynts and Rybband: by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my  
 selfe in the default of memorie; pray le' mee bee beholding to  
 you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeeue mee.

3350 *Tay*. Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'll take 3r 5  
 vp, and send you some by my boy presently. What coulour'd  
 Ribband would you haue? (sute.

*Fun*. What you shall thinke meet i'your iudgement sir to my  
*Tay*. Well, i'll send you some presently.

3355 *Fun*. And poynts too sir?

*Tay*. And poynts too sir.

*Exit Taylor*.

*Fun*. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse  
 of you sir? Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done  
 a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late.

3360 Now in good truth I am exceedingly proude of my sute. *Exit*.

G R E X.

*Cord*. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is  
 put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion?

*Mit*. I, and to bee still a Fashion behind the world, that's the  
 3365 sport.

*Cord*. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd*.

#### SCENA QVINTA.

Ac

*Enter Puntaruolo, Fastidius Briske, seruingmen, with the Dog*.

*Punt*. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolute to  
 3370 depart shortly.

*Fast*. Faith sir *Puntaruolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of  
 the Ladies first.

*Punt*. I care not if it bee this afternoones labor: where is *Carlo*?

*Fast*. Here hee comes.

3375 *Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente*.

*Carl*. Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to  
 turne Courtier, he is a man of faire reuenew, and his estate will  
 beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the minde,

or

or so why, they are as Nature lent him'hem, pure, simple, with-  
 3380 out any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beg-  
 gerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more  
*accommodate* and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe-

*Fact.* O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight 3200  
 that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and appre-  
 3385 hension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*,  
 that he will think himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time, and  
 loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever; when he shall behold  
 such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such An-  
 gelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing  
 3390 and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightningand  
 humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and  
*Fleame*, and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall  
 Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Ima-*  
*gination*) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *In-*  
 3395 *sulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd  
 within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and im-  
 perfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of  
 your Court.

*Mac.* Wel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came  
 3400 too perfectly off.

*Car.* Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, 3215  
 you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing  
 your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders.  
 Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong  
 3405 perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out  
 amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be  
 out: for you may haue a pipe of *tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shal hang  
 o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your  
*Resolution* has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the Whiffe, and those  
 3410 sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

*Fact.* I, to some per haps: but, and hee should come to my  
 Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'd reply  
 vpon him y faith. Oh (by this bright Sunne( shee has the most  
 acute, ready, and facetious wit, that 8. tut there'sno spirit able

N

to

3415 to stand her. You can report it Signior, you haue seene her?

*Punt.* Then can he report no lesse out of his iudgement, I assure him.

*Maci.* Troth I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-con- 3230—  
ceited me thinkes.

3420 *Fast.* I indeed, shee's a litle too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to be admir'd Lady in the world.

*Punt.* Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

3425 *Mac.* why it may easily be made to forsake her in my thought.

*Fast.* Easily Sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

*Mac.* You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so conspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible.

3430 *Fast.* Mary I will say. *I will both applaud you, & admire you for it.*

*Punt.* And I will second him.

*Mac.* Why I'll shew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

*Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whisper.*

*Sog.* Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what 3435  
thinkes my *Resolution*, shall I aduenture?

*Shift.* Troth *Countenance*, as you please; the Place is a place of 3245  
good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

*Sog.* O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* sayes) wil shew excellent there.

3440 *Shift.* Why you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see Correspondence.

*Sog.* You say true. You will goe with me *Resolution*.

*Shift.* I will meete you *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple*  
3445 *Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, & therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

*Sog.* Farewell good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

*Shift.* As I liue.

*They breake silence.*

*Exit Shift.*

3450 *Punt.* Admirably excellent.

*Mac.* If

*Mac.* If you can but persuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's al  
now.

*Carl.* O let me alone, that's my taske. 3261

*Fast.* Now by Iesu *Macilente*, it's aboue measure excellent:  
3455 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtier  
ingenious.

*Punt.* Vpon my soule it puts my Lady quite out of her Hu-  
mor, and we shall laugh with iudgment.

*Carl.* Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe  
3460 with you, afore I mou'd it.

*Mac.* Why then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to pre-  
pare the iest: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

*Car.* Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

*Punt.* That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well,  
3465 you shall leaue it to the *facultie* of Monsieur *Briske*, & my selfe;  
vpon our liues we will manage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake  
Supper at the Mitre against wee come backe: wherc wee will  
meet. and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the successe.

*Carl.* I, but will you 'all promise to come?

3470 *Punt.* My selfe shall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his  
Reputation lie vnder the lash of thy tongue.

*Carl.* Gods so', looke who comes here?

*Enter Fungoso.*

*Sog.* What, Nephew? 3280

3475 *Fung.* Vncle, God saue you; did you see a Gentleman, one  
Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe,

*Sog.* Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

*Fung.* Another Sute! *He Swounes.*

*Sog.* How now Nephew?

3480 *Fast.* Would you speake to me Sir?

*Carl.* I, when he has recouer'd himselfe: poore Poll.

*Punt.* Some *Rosa-solis*.

*Mac.* How now Signior?

*Fung.* I am not well Sir.

3485 *Mac.* Why this it is, to dog the Fashion.

*Carl.* Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his  
N ij disease



disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of apparell,

*Punt.* Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'll be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Scruiingmen* 3294

3490 *Sog.* Nephew, will you goe to the Court: with vs; these Gentlemen and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

*Fun.* By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that rascally fortune that I haue.

*Maci.* Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

3495 *Fun.* Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur *Fastidius*; and I haue forgot it

*Maci.* Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember it come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and *Sogliardo* and I will take another: we shalbe there instantly.

3500 *Fast.* Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

*Punt.* Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

*Carl.* I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to throw after you.

*Punt.* Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: 3310  
3505 and we shall frolick. *Exeunt.*

# G R E X.

*Mit.* This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a suddaine me thinkes, than he was before, ther's some Portent in't, I beleue.

3510 *Cord.* O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with'him, that you shall see the very Torrent of his Enuic breake forth, and against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that  
3515 you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong an alteration.

*Mit.* I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was  
3520 loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humor*, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pursue  
sue

sue and continue their humors?

*Cord.* Why therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and 3328  
3525 approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and  
height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better,  
and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to  
behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees,  
when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it, be-  
3530 fore it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

*Mit.* Wel, I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

*Cord.* To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination  
be swifter then a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntaruo-*  
*lo, Briske, Fungoso*, and the Dog, arriu'd at the Court gate, & go-  
3535 ing vp to the gteat chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll  
leauue them on the water tilll possibility and naturall means may  
land 'hem. Here come Gallants, now prepare your Epecta-  
tion.

ACTVS QVINTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

*Act.V.Sc.I.*

3540 *Enter Puntervolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.*

*Punt.* Come Lordings. Signior, you are suffiçiety instructed.

*Fast.* Who, I sir?

*Punt.* No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to be-  
stow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the Presence.

3545 *Fast.* Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carry him  
into the Presence.

*Punt.* I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one  
of my Cormorants to attend me.

*Fast.* Why, you're best leauue him at the Porters lodge.

3550 *Punt.* Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to  
be forth-comming.

*Fast.* Slight, how'll you dō then?

*Punt.* I must leauue him with one that is ignorant of his quali-  
tie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see: Here comes one that  
3555 will carie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my dog. My honest friend, may  
I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

*Enter a Groome with a basket.*

*Groome.* You may if you please sir.

*Punt.* Pray

3595 she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing:  
you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it bee  
without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

*Sog.* But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all?

3397

*Mac.* O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspe-  
3600 cted; and that that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse  
of that.

*Sog.* Nay, Ile be aduis'd sir by my friends.

*Maci.* Gods my life, see where sir *Puntars Dog* is.

*Groome.* I would the Gentleman would returne for his follo-  
3605 wer here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes else.

*Maci.* S'hart, 'twere the onely true iest in the world to poy-  
son him now: ha? by Gods will Ile do it, if I could but get him  
of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vpon  
some deuise to entertaine the Lady with.

3610 *Sog.* So I do sir.

*Sog. walks off, meditating.*

*Mac.* How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper  
art thou?

*Groome.* Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that Ifaith.

3410

*Mac.* Why? do'st thou not keepe a Dog?

3615 *Groome.* Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee  
Sweete and Short: make me his Dog-keeper?

*Throwe off the Dog, & exit.*

*Maci.* This is excellent aboue expectation: nay stay sir,  
you'd be traueilling; but Ile giue you a dramme shall shorten  
3620 your voyage: here: so sir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you:  
now to the *Turkes Court* in the diuels name, for you shal neuer  
go on Gods name. (*Kickes him out*) *Sogliardo*, come.

*Sog.* I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

*Maci.* Take heed you leese it not Signior, ere you come  
3625 there: preserue it.

*Exeunt*

G R E X.

3421

*Cor.* { How like you this first exploit of his?

*Mit.* { O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the  
other deuise.

3630 *Cor.* { Here they come, will make it appeare.

SCENA

*Punt.* Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall  
 3560 not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please  
 thee. Forth Gentles.

*Fast.* Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command,  
 and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

*Punt.* Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were  
 3565 to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt  
 fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Ho-  
 nestie be sweet and short.

*Groome.* yes sir.

*Punt.* But heark you Gallants, and cheefly Monsieur *Briske*  
 3570 When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let  
 not others matters carrie vs from our Proiect: but (if wee can)  
 single her forth to some place.

*Fast.* I warrant you.

*Punt.* And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce i-  
 575 selfe with good Circumstance: on.

*Fung.* Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

*Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.*

*Groome.* Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt 3380  
 you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twenti-  
 3580 pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but  
 now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall hau-  
 him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous  
 Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me? I could run away  
 with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God  
 3585 send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

*Mac.* Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-wit-  
 ted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

*Sog.* Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*

*Mac.* O fie on't, no you shall begin with, *How does my sweet*  
 3590 *Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madam*? though she be very  
 merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough;  
 pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is:  
 Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and  
 looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when  
 she

## SCENA SECVNDA.

Act. V. Sc.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Sauiolina Factidius Briske, Fungoso.*

*Sau.* Why I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

3635 *Punt.* Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

*Sau.* 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

*Fact.* His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir?

3640 *Sau.* And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

*Punt.* Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

*Sau.* Ile giue you some Water for her eyes: when doe you

3645 *Punt.* Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

*Fact.* He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* iudgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer seene. (man?

*Sau.* What's he, gentle Mounsieur *Briske*? not that Gentle

3650 *Fast.* No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

3447

*Punt.* Pray' sir: giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler and so exactly trauail'd that hee is able in  
3655 discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of Phrase, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his Wit, the most Exuberant and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

3660 *Fast.* Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellēt proper

*Punt.* His Trauailles haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

*Sau.* O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Brisks* feature.

*Punt.* But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peer-  
3665 lessely imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer.

*Fast. I*

*Fast.* I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is 3463  
not possible for the sharpest-sighted with (in the world) to dis-  
cerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

3670 *Sau.* O Mounsieur *Brisk*, be not so Tyranous to confine all  
Wits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes  
of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

*Fun.* No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleeeue you cannot.

*Sau.* Do you beleeeue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentle-  
3675 man in you sir

*Punt.* I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

*Fun.* Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

*Sau.* Lik inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you  
talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

3680 *punt.* Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

*Sau.* What, and shall we see him Clowne it?

*Fast.* I faith (sweet Lady) that you shall: see heere he comes.

*Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.*

*punt.* This is he; pray obserue him Lady.

3479

3685 *Sau.* Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

*punt.* Nay, marke his Courtship.

*lusty? ha*

*Sog.* How dos my sweet Lady; *hote and moyst? Beautifull and*

*Sau.* *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lusty*.

*Sog.* O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth: and how  
3690 does my sweet Lady; in health? *Bona roba, quæso? que Nouelles?*  
*que Nouelles?* Sweete creature.

*Sau.* O excellent: why Gallants, is this he that cannot be  
Deciphered? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could  
not discern the Gentleman in him.

3695 *punt.* But do you, in earnest Lady?

*Sau.* Do I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement  
in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes  
his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as  
cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my  
3700 Wit indeed, you should neuer haue tolde me he was a Gentle-  
man, but presented him for a true Clowne indeede; and then  
haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

O

*Fast. Fore*

*Fast.* 'Fore God, her Ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

3705 *Punt.* O, she cannot but affirme that out of the Bountie of her iudgement. 3500

*Sau.* Nay out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

3710 *Fast.* Tis strange in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

*Punt.* I, is't not.

*Sau.* Faith as easily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

*Fung.* Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

3715 *Mac.* Why, has she decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

*Punt.* O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

*Mac.* Is't possible?

*Fast.* Shee hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

3720 *Sau.* Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a litle: was this your deuise, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman? 3514

*Maci.* Nay Lady, do not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of Perspicacie aboue others: What if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed, Lady?

3725 *Punt.* How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humor?

*Fast.* O, but she knowes it is not so.

*Sau.* What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? nay if your Worships could gull me so indeede, you were wiser  
3730 then you were taken for.

*Maci.* In good faith Lady, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by father and mother: that Ile assure you.

*Sau.* O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

*maci.* Nay, do but looke on his hand, and that shall resolute  
3735 you: Looke you Lady, what a palme here is.

*Sog.* Tut, that was with holding the plough.

*mac.* The Plough! did you discern any such thing in him, Madame?

*Fast.* Faith

*Fast.* Faith no, she saw ths Gentleman as bright as at noone- 353r  
3740 day she: he decipher'd him at first.

*Maci.* Troth I am sorie your Ladiships sight should be so  
suddainly strooke.

*Sau.* O, you're good Beagles!

*Fast.* What, is she gone?

3745 *Sog.* Nay stay sweet Lady; *Que Nouelles, Que Nouelles?*

*Sau.* Out, you foole you. *Exit Sau.*

*Fung.* Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

*Fast.* Nay, let's follow it while tis hote Gentlemen.

*Punt.* Come, on mine honour wee le make her blush in the  
3750 Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

*Mac.* Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleue  
sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too deieted me thinkes:  
why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

*Fung.* By Gods will, this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue  
3755 it alter'd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Shift.*

*Act. V. Sc. 3.*

*Shift.* I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance*  
*Sogliardo:* poore men must be glad of such countenance, when  
they can get no better. Well, Need may insult vpon a man, but  
3760 it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence. The world  
will say, tis base; tush, base! tis base to liue vnder the earth, not  
base to liue aboue it by any meanes.

*Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.*

*Fost.* The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour  
3765 yfaith.

*Punt.* There was neuer so witty a iest broken at the Tilt, of  
all the Court wits christen'd.

*Maci.* O, this applause taints it fouly.

*Sog.* I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution.*

3770 *Punt.* Ay me, my Dog.

*Maci.* Where is he?

*Fast.* Gods precious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.  
*sends away Fungoso.*

*Punt.* Here, here I left him.

O ij

*Maci.* Why



3775 *Maci.* Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

*Fast.* Did you see sir *Puntarvolos* dog here *Cavalier*, since you came? (Dog sir.

*Shift.* His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his 3570

3780 *Mac.* Vpon my life he has stoln your Dog sir, and benhir,d to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

*Punt.* Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

3785 *Shift.* Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha'non of your dogsir.

*Punt.* Villaine, thou liest.

*Shift.* Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

*Punt.* Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

*Sog.* Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no 3790 coales I can tell you (of my word.

*Maci.* This is rare.

*Sog.* It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

3795 *Punt.* I will make thee stoupe, thou Abiect.

*Sog.* Make him stoupe sir. Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

*Mac.* Is he so tall a man?

*Sog.* Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt'hem: 3800 make him stoupe!

*Pun.* My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, & other felonious acts to this Gentlemā thy *Countenāce*

*Sog.* Ile beare no witnesse.

*Punt.* And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

3805 *Shift* kneeles.

*Sog.* What? kneele to thine enemy?

*Shift.* Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life. *Enter Fungoso.*

*Fung.* O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in 3810 the wood-yard.

*Mac.* S'blood

*Maci.* S'bloud is he not dead yet?

*Punt.* O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you 3600  
conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

*Sog.* How? did you neuer do any robbery in your life?

3815 *Mac.* O this is good: so he swore sir.

*Sog.* I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

*Shift.* I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd  
any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only sayd  
so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall  
3820 man.

*Sog.* Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Coun-*  
*tenance*? By this light, Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most  
inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that  
he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, fol-  
3825 low me no more I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence,  
speake not, I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

*Mac.* O, how do I feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe? here  
were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well by this time I  
hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-  
3830 uaile: nay, Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight,  
and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie  
hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

*Fast.* 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster  
but i'll go. (cholly)

3835 *Sog.* Faith and I may go too, but I know I shall be so Melan- 3620

*Nac.* Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and re-  
member you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your  
sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

3840 *GREX* { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them  
hold their meeting.  
*Cor.* I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd  
the Mitre.

## SCENA TERTIA.

Act.V.Sc. 4.

*Enter Carlo.*

3845 *Car.* Holla: where be these Shotmakers?

*Enter Drawer*

*Draw.* By and by: you are welcome good master *Buffone*.

O iii

*Carl.*

*Carl.* Where's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

*Draw.* What wine please you haue Sir? I'll draw you that's neat *Buffone*.

3850 *Car.* Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me 3636  
Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

*Georg.* Welcome Maister *Carlo*.

*Carl.* What's Supper readie, *George*?

*Geor.* I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Maister *Carlo*?

3855 *Carl.* O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

*Georg.* None yet sir.

*Carl.* Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

*Georg.* It shall sir.

3860 *Carl.* And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quick.

*George.* Done sir.

*Exit.*

*Carl.* S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, 3650  
3865 as I doe to knowe our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Blad-rid *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lies a soking in their frothy Humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable  
3870 proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, a-boue Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparell, Wenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whateuer.

*Georg.* Here, maister *Carlo*.

*Carl.* Is't right, Boy?

3875 *Geor.* I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

*Carl.* Well said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away; { *Puts forth the Dra-*  
so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of { *wer & shuts the dore*  
your Bounty.

3880

G R E X.

*Mit.* { what, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone. 3665

*Cord* { You shall perceiue that sir.

*He drinkes.*

*Carl.* I

*Carl.* I mary sir, here's puritie. O *George*, I could bite of thy nose for this now: Sweet Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the Grape: I'll wash my temples with some on't presently: and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heate  
 3885 the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to bee here sir, and I here: So.

*He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.*  
 3890

*GREX. Cord.* This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

*Carl. 1 cap.* Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with  
 3675 so much of my loue.

*2 Cup.* I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinques.*) And wil return  
 3895 you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

*1 Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.  
 3900 *2* I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) *2* And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. *1* Doe you know her sir? *2* O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

3905 *1* Good faith sir you doe honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

*Mit.* { Whom should he personate in this, Signior?

3690

*Cord.* { Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

*2* If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the chan-  
 3910 nell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a replenisht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. *1* The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'll pledge it on my knees by Iesu. *2* Will you sir? I'll drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinques*)

3915 G R E X.

*Mit.* { Why this is straunge.

*Cor.* { Ha' you hard a better drunken Dialogue?

*2* Nay,

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1. So I do in good faith. 2. Good 3702  
 faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1. Why, by Iesu it was not.  
 3920 2. By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1. Lie sir. 2. I sir. 1. S'wounds  
 you rascall. 2. O, come, stab, if you haue a mind to it. 1. Stab?  
 dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech  
 you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame re-  
 spect your reputations.

3925 *Ouerturnes wine, pot, cups, and all.*

*Enter Macilente.*

*Act.V.Sc*

*Mac.* Why how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

*Car.* O my good Mischief, art thou come? where are the rest?  
 where are the rest?

3930 *Mac.* Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

*Carl.* Burst, how comes that?

*Mac.* Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

*Carl.* But did not the traine hold?

*Mac.* O yes, and the poore Lady is irrecoverably blowne vp.

3935 *Carl.* Why, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

*Mac.* *Imprimis*, Sir *puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and Re- 3725  
*solution*.

*Carl.* How? how for the loue of God?

*Mac.* Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Counte-*  
 3940 *nance* hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is  
 shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

*Carl.* What's his Dogge dead?

*Mac.* Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whom, that's  
 left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to re-  
 3945 solue: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like  
 to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

*Carl.* S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry:  
 I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but  
 will they come, will they come?

3950 *Mac.* They will assuredly come: mary *Carlo* (as thou lou'st  
 me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the  
 Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* yeast that may come out of that  
 sweatie Forge of thine, but ply'hem with all manner of Shot,  
*Minion,*

*Minion, Saker, Culverine*, or any thing what thou wilt.

3955 *Carl.* I warrant thee my deare Cale of *Petrione*, so stand I not 3744  
in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

*Maci.* Why my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

*Carl.* What *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

*Daunceth.*

*Georg.* Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

3960 *Carl.* More *Nectar, George, Lomtero, &c.*

*Geor.* Your meat's ready sir, and your company were come.

*Carl.* Is the Loine of Porke enough?

*Geor.* I Sir, it is enough.

*Maci.* Porke? S<sup>h</sup>heart what doest thou with such a greasie  
3965 Dish: I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it  
lookes so like a Glew-pot.

*Carl.* True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st  
farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged  
Lathes) rub out so many Dubletes as they do: but thou knowest  
3970 not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the  
world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generati-  
on the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha'done,  
well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmure at their ma-  
ker out of Garlicke and Onions. S<sup>b</sup>lood fed with it, the hor-  
3975 son strummell patch, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha'  
Gigantomachiz'd. Well said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

G R E X.

*Mit.* { This sauours too much of Prophanation. 3765

3980 *Cor.* { *O servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi cō-*  
stet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration:  
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his  
time.

*Carl.* 'Tis an *Axiome*. in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes nea-*  
*rest the nature of that it feeds, cōuerts quicker to nourishmēt, & doth*  
3985 *sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates*  
or resembles Man more, then a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

*Maci.* True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes  
d'offeth off his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee  
becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as a drunke ar a Sow: but to

P

your

3990 your conclusion. (Drin<sup>kes</sup>)

*Car.* Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, 3776  
it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but  
that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon ano-  
ther, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much  
3995 better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibales*, or such like:  
but since 'tis so contrary, Porke, Porke is your only feed.

*Maci.* I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would  
ne'rc ha' desir'e to beene incorporated into Swine else. O here  
comes the Malancholly messe: vpon 'hem *Carlo* charge, charge  
4000 *Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

*Carl.* 'Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I 'am sorrie for your heauines.  
Body a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes*  
hornes, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

*Punt.* Sir, I would request you be silent.

*Act.V.S*

4005 *Maci.* Nay, to him againe.

*Carl.* Take comfort good knight, if your Cat ha'recouered  
her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischance may bee  
holpen.

*Fast.* Say how (sweete *Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore 3796  
4010 Knights moanes draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes.  
But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your  
aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

*Maci.* I beleeeue you Muske-cod, I beleeeue you, for rather  
than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take  
4015 it vp on his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

*Carl.* Nay Gods life, hee ld bee content (so he were well rid  
out of his company) to pay him fiue for one at his next mee-  
ting him in *Paules*. but for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not  
out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-sauer*, shall  
4020 put life in him againe, that's certaine.

*Fung.* O no, that comes too late.

*Maci.* Gods precious Knight, will you suffer this?

*Punt.* Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently:

*Sog.* I, and bring vp supper; for I am so Melancholy.

4025 *Carl.* Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*.

*Sog. Reso-*

*Sog. Resolution!* hang him rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

*Carl.* Why, how so? how so?

3815

*Sog.* O the arrantst *Crocodile* that euer Christiã was acquainted with. By Iesu, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man----

*Maci.* Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

*Car.* Sblood, he lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse  
4035 with the mouth downward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the Counter. Do you heare sir *Puntar*?

*Punt.* Sir, I do entreat you no more., but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

4040 *Carl.* Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now: Fleay me your dog presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well with straw, as ye see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

4045 *Punt.* I shall be sodaine I tell you.

3831

*Carl.* Or if you like not that sir, giue mee somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Yohan*, or a fellow that makes periwigs, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne'er bee discern'd: besides, twill be so  
4050 much the warmer for the hound to trauell in you know.

*Maci.* Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

*Carl.* Or thus sir, you may haue (as you come through Germany) a Familiar for litle ornothing shal turne it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine  
4055 howers: Gods my life Knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violenc, will you? Hold, hold.

*Punt.* Sbloud you slaue, you Bandog you.

*Car.* As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

*Punt.* By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies,  
4060 Drawer be gone.

*Carl.* Murder, murder, murder.

P ij

*Punt.* I



*Punt.* I, are you houling you Wolfe? Gentlemen, as you 3848  
tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee  
perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but  
4065 downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my  
Rapier hilts:

*Carl.* Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and'fore God Ile ho-  
nour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

*Punt.* Downe (I say.) Whose there?

4070 *Const.* Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

*Carl.* Good *Macilente*.

*Punt.* Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here:  
he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen,  
you knocke in vaine sir officer.

4075 *Carl.* *Et tu Brute*.

*Punt.* Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by  
heauen.

*Carl.* O, O.

*They seale vp his lips.*

*Const.* Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

4080 *Mac.* Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall  
come in presently, we haue almost done.

*Punt.* So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentle-  
men.

*They all draw & Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.*

*Act.V..*

4085 *Const.* Lady hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

*Fast.* Lay hold on me sir! for what? *(panions.*

*Const.* Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

*Fast.* My riot! God's my iudge, take heed what you doe;

*Carlo.* did I offer any violence?

4090 *Const.* O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that  
makes you so peramptorie.

*Fast.* Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did  
him any hard measure.

*Enter George.*

*Gorg.* They are all gone, there'snone of them will bee laid  
4095 any hold on,

*Const.* Well sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee  
found out.

*Fast.* Sbloud

*Fast.* S'bloud I appeale to *George* here.

*Const.* Tut *George* was not here: away with him to the counter 3885  
4100 sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

*Exeunt.*

*Manent two Drawers.*

*Georg.* Good Lord, that master *Carlo* could not take heed, &  
knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angrie.

*Drawer.* A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our  
4105 hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

*Enter Macilente.*

*Mac.* What, are they gone sirs?

*George.* O here's master *Macilente*.

*Mac.* Sirrah *George*, do you see that concealment there? that  
4110 Napkin vnder the table?

*George.* Gods so', Signior *Fungoso*!

*Mac.* Here's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you  
keep him here, & let him not go away til I come again, though  
he offer to discharge all; I'll retorne presently.

4115 *George.* Sirrah we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

*Draw.* What? of *Macilente*? 3900

*Georg.* No; looke vnder the Table.

*Fung.* I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this  
street, I care not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable  
4120 gone? *Lookes out vnder the Table.*

*George.* What? Master *Fungoso*?

*Fung.* Was't not a good deuise the same of me, Sirs?

*George.* Yes faith: ha' you beene here all this while?

*Fung.* O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleare, I'd  
4125 faine be going.

*George.* All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you  
must cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

*Fung.* I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the  
house yet.

4130 *Draw.* Why, you may when you please sir, tis all readie be-  
low that was bespoken.

*Fung.* Bespoken, not by me I hope.

*Geo.* By you sir? I know not that: but t'was for you and your

companie, I am sure.

4135 *Fung.* My company? S'lid I was an inuited guest, so I was. 3917

*Draw.* Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee must be answer'd; that's the short and they long on't.

*Fung.* Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then  
4140 would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

*Georg.* What, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your cloathes.

*Fung.* By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning,  
4145 and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomack in the world to eate any thing.

*Draw.* That's no matter so you pay Sir.

*Fung.* Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske  
4150 me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

*Georg.* Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

*Fung.* By this Cup (which is *siluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

4155 *Draw.* Well sir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by.

*One calls George within.*

*Exeunt.*

G R E X.

*Cord.* Loose not your selfe now, Signior

4160 *Enter Macilente and Deliro.*

*Act.V.S*

*Maci.* Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparant, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since. I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer  
4165 labour to persuade you.

*Deli.* Why I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

*Mac.* Faith sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fungoso* beeing at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants:  
there

4170 there happened some diuision amongst'hem, and he is left in  
pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall  
present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gra-  
cious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and  
presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his  
4175 credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as  
he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that  
you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect  
of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote,  
and grow mad of your affections.

4180 *Deli.* Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe ex- 3958  
ceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue;  
and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect  
a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was  
going to bed if you had not come, what Tauerne is it?

4185 *Mac.* The Mitre sir.

*Deli.* O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please  
her exceedingly.

*Enter Fallace.*

*Fall.* Come, I marl'e what peece of nightworke you haue in  
hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what  
4190 is this your Pandor?

*Deli.* O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare  
thee for a world--

*Fall.* Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie,  
with his wild quicke-set beard there. Whither goe you now  
4195 with him?

*Deli.* No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, 3972  
from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint  
not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more  
accepted, frame some other answere, I'll come backe immedi-  
4200 atly.

*Exit Deliro.*

*Fall.* Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay  
till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

*Mac.* Heare you Mistres *Deliro*.

*Fall.* So sir, and what say you?

4205 *Mac.* Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight re-  
spect

spect, when you shall know 'hem.

(sake?

*Fall.* Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods 3982

*Mac.* Troth the time allows no circumstance Lady, therfore know, this was but a deuise to remoue your husband hence, & 4210 bestow him securely, whil'st (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Lady. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your 4215 husband and other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

*Fall.* Ay me, that he were.

*Maci.* Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, do not foreslow it: A bribe to the Of- 4220 ficer that committed him, will doe it.

*Fall.* O God sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visite him presently.

*Mac.* No Lady, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

4225

*Exit.*

*Fall.* Good truth so you may; farewell good sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd master *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there mayd: Alasse good Gentleman, if all 4230 I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

*Exit.*

G R E X.

*Mit.* How *Macilente* sweats i' this businesse, if you mark him

*Cord.* I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon, here 4235 comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

*Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.*

*Act.V.Sc.9.*

*Deli.* Come brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what?

*Draw.* No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, Brother, I haue done imitating anie more Gallants either in 4240 purse or apparell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

*Deli.* You

*Deli.* You say well. This is all i'the bill here? is't not? 4015

*Georg.* I Sir.

*Deli.* There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I  
4245 met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

*Fung.* I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

*Deli.* What is't right?

*Geor.* I Sir, and I thanke you. (is paid.

*Fung.* Let me haue a Capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning

4250 *Geor.* You shall Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Maci.*

*Maci.* Where's Signior *Deliro*?

*Deli.* Here *Macilente*.

*Maci.* Harke you sir, ha'you dispatcht this same?

*Deli.* I marry haue I.

4255 *Maci.* Well then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i'the Counter.

*Deli.* I'the Counter?

*Mac.* 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. 4030

Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the  
report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will  
4260 so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the  
meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife  
(being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any  
meanes.

*Deli.* 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

4265 *Mac.* Thinke? why'ts past thought, you shall neuer meete  
the like opportunitie, I assure you.

*Deli.* I will do it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent.  
and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile  
come presently.

4270 *Fung.* I will Brother.

*Maci.* And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and  
out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?)  
made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you ne-  
uer were possest of, Credit; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms  
4275 as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fa-  
shion; nor nothing.

*Fung.* Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Q

*Mac.* Well,

*Maci.* Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make hast. *Exeunt.*

4280

*Enter Briske and Fallace.*

Act.V.Si

*Fall.* O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisse him.*

G R E X.

*Cord.* { As vpon her lips do's shee meane?

4285

*Mit.* { O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

*Fast.* Troth faire Lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am patient, & indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

*Fall.* Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if  
4290 you please Sir. I sent you word by my brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

*Fast.* No beleuee it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence*.

4295

*Fall.* O the Lord!

*Fast.* But has your husband any such purpose?

*Fall.* O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poore  
4300 man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. Where's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

*Fast.* No sweete mistresse, why are you in this passion.

4305

*Fall.* O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp 4075  
my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my brother; and how I gaue him foure So-  
4310 ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O master *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, whē on is compelled*

*compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to liue with*  
 4314<sup>bis</sup> *shame.*

4315 *Fast.* Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure  
 you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Pros-  
 peritie shall not—Gods light your Husband.

*Fall.* O mee!

*Enter Deliro. Macilente.*

*Act.V.Sc.II*

4320 *Deli.* I? is't thus!

*Maci* Why how now Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolfe seene  
 you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

*Deli.* Some planet strike me dead.

*Maci.* Why looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue sus-  
 4325 pected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labour  
 of Admiration now, and Passion; and such extremities as this  
 fraile lumpe of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote  
 now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some En-  
 chauntment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your  
 4330 selfe it were a dreame now, twere excellent: faith trie what  
 you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee  
 brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

*Fall.* Sweet Husband?

*Deli.* Out lasciuious Strumpet.

*Exit Deliro.*

4335 *Maci* What? did you see how ill that stale vain became him 4105  
 afore, of Sweete Wife, and Deare heart? and are you falne  
 iust into the same now? with Sweete Husband. A way, follow  
 him, goe, keepe state: what? Remember you are a woman: turn  
 impudent: gi'him not the head, though you gi'him the hornes,  
 4340 Away.

*Exit Fallace.*

And yet me thinks you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus*  
 here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounsieur *Brisk*: what? Fri-  
 day at night? & in affectiō too? & yet your *Pulpamenta*? your de-  
 licate morsels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentle-  
 4345 women, pursues you wheresoeuer you go Mounsieur.

4346 } *Fast.* Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not  
 deest } haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more  
 than the wrinckled fortunes of this poore Dame.



4350 *Maci.* O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you 4117  
much better, beleeeue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions  
against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile  
put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other  
two some fiae thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

4355 *Fast.* O God, I am vndone.

*Maci.* Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his  
hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixscore  
pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will  
weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

4360 *Fast.* O Iesu!

*Maci.* What doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a  
Countesse, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poniards in  
Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery  
one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of fiae  
4365 hundred crownes, or so, why'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you  
see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well,  
goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward  
quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir  
*Puntars* hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomardo*, goe.

4370 *Exit Briske.*

Why here's a change: Now is my soule at peace, 4135

I am as empty of all Enuie now,

As they merrit to be enuied at,

My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts 4138

4375 Than it hath stufte to feed it, and their vertue,

Being now rak't vp in embers of their Folly,

Affordsno ampler Subiect to my Spirit;

I am so farre from malicing their states, 4142

That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me

4380 To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish

They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,

So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors. 4146

And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)

Kind *Patrons* of our sports (you that can iudge,

4385 And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of

Of our straunge Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor.  
You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes  
And nature of sweet *Poesie*) to you  
I tender solemne and most dureous thanks,  
4390 For your stretcht patience and attentive grace.  
We know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)  
The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd  
For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd  
To banquet pure and apprehensiu eares:  
4395 Let then their Voices speake for our desert;  
Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime  
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,  
And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,  
That (spight of pittie) betray themselues  
4400 To Scorne ond Laughter; and like guiltie Children,  
Publish their *infancie* before their time;  
By their owne fond exception: Such as these  
We pawne 'hem to your *censure*, tell Time, Wit,  
Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale  
4405 Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat  
The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,  
(So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,  
And are too wise to thinke themselues are taxt  
In any generall Figure, or to vertuous  
4410 To need that wisedomes imputation:)  
That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme  
This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,  
Our leaue nnd spent Endeouours shall renue  
Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

I T had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which (DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSOPOPOESTHAI) many seem'd not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since altered: yet that a right-eyd and solide Reader may perceiue it was not so  
 4420 great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

4428 {  
 deest

1 *There hath bene President of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Citie Pageants or shewes of Triumph.*  
 4425

2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that Macilente being so strongly possesst with Enuie, (as the Poet here makes him) it must be no sleight or common Obiect, that should effect so sodaine and strange a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane out of his Humour.*  
 4430 {  
 deest

3 *If his Imagination had discourst the whole world ouer for an Obiect, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthy Figure, than that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectiuely) vs'd to a Morall and Mysterious end.*  
 4435

4 *His greedinesse to catch at any occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*  
 4438 {  
 deest

5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her inualluable Vertues, then the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court, with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were now drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him: when sodainly (against expectation, and all steele of his Malice) the very wonder of her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recouering heart, his Passion thus vtters it selfe.*  
 4440  
 4445

4449 {  
 deest

4450 *Maci. Blesse, Diuine, Vnblemisht. Sacred, Pure, Glorious immortall, and indeed Immense; O that I had a world of Attributes,*

To

- To lend or adde to this high *Maestie*:  
 Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes  
 4455 With any light Content: but in her *Graces*  
 All my malicious Powers haue lost their stings:  
*Enuie* is fled my Soule at sight of her,  
 And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,  
 Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
- 4460 My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:  
 And our Citties *Torrent* (bent t'infect  
 The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)  
 Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuers,  
 Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore?
- 4465 So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood  
 Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:  
 And I haue now a *spirit* as sweet and cleere,  
 As the most rarefi'd and subtil Aire;  
 With which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,  
 4470 (Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*  
 O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected  
 This change in me) may neuer suffer Change  
 In her Admir'd and happie *Gouernment*:  
 May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
- 4475 And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound  
 When *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.  
 Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,  
 And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart  
 When he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:
- 4480 The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,  
 And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings  
 About her Court; where neuer may there come  
*Suspect* or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:  
 Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
- 4485 In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:  
 And may her *Vertues* make him to forget  
 The vse of his ineuitable hand.  
 Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,

Our strongest wall fals downe when she is gone.

4204

4490 *Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente  
conuerts himselfe to them that supply the place of*

4491<sup>bis</sup>

*GREX, and speakes.*

*G R E X.*

*Mac.* How now sirs? how like you it? has't not bene tedious? 4147

*Cor.* Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

4495 *Mit.* Yes faith.

4150

*Mac.* How so?

*Cor.* Mary because we'le imitate your Actors, and be out  
of our Humors. Besides, here are those (round about you) of  
more abilitie in Censure then we, whose iudgements can giue  
4500 it a more satisfying Allowance: wee'le referre you to them.

*Mac.* I? is't e'en so? Well, Gentlemen, I should haue gone  
in, and return'd to you as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason  
the shift would haue bene somewhat long, and we are loth to  
draw your patience any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine  
4505 it. And now (that you may see I will be out of Humor for  
company) I stand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (in-  
deed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning:  
Marie I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Sum-  
mi Iouis causa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if  
4510 you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it;  
why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn*  
4511<sup>bis</sup> *Fall-staffe.*

*Exeunt.*

*Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor*

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